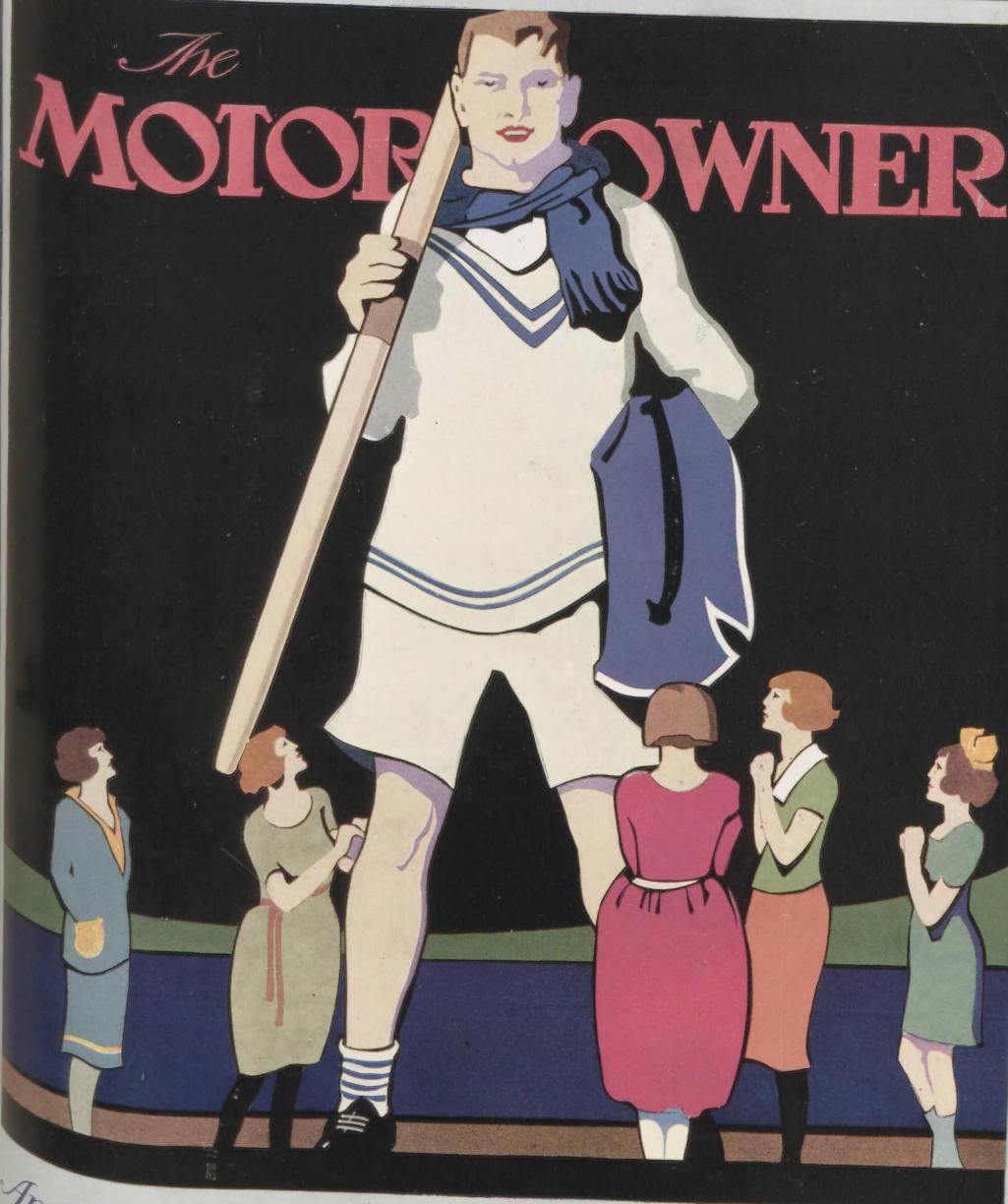


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PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

April 1922

One Shilling



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They will take you safe out—and bring you safe home

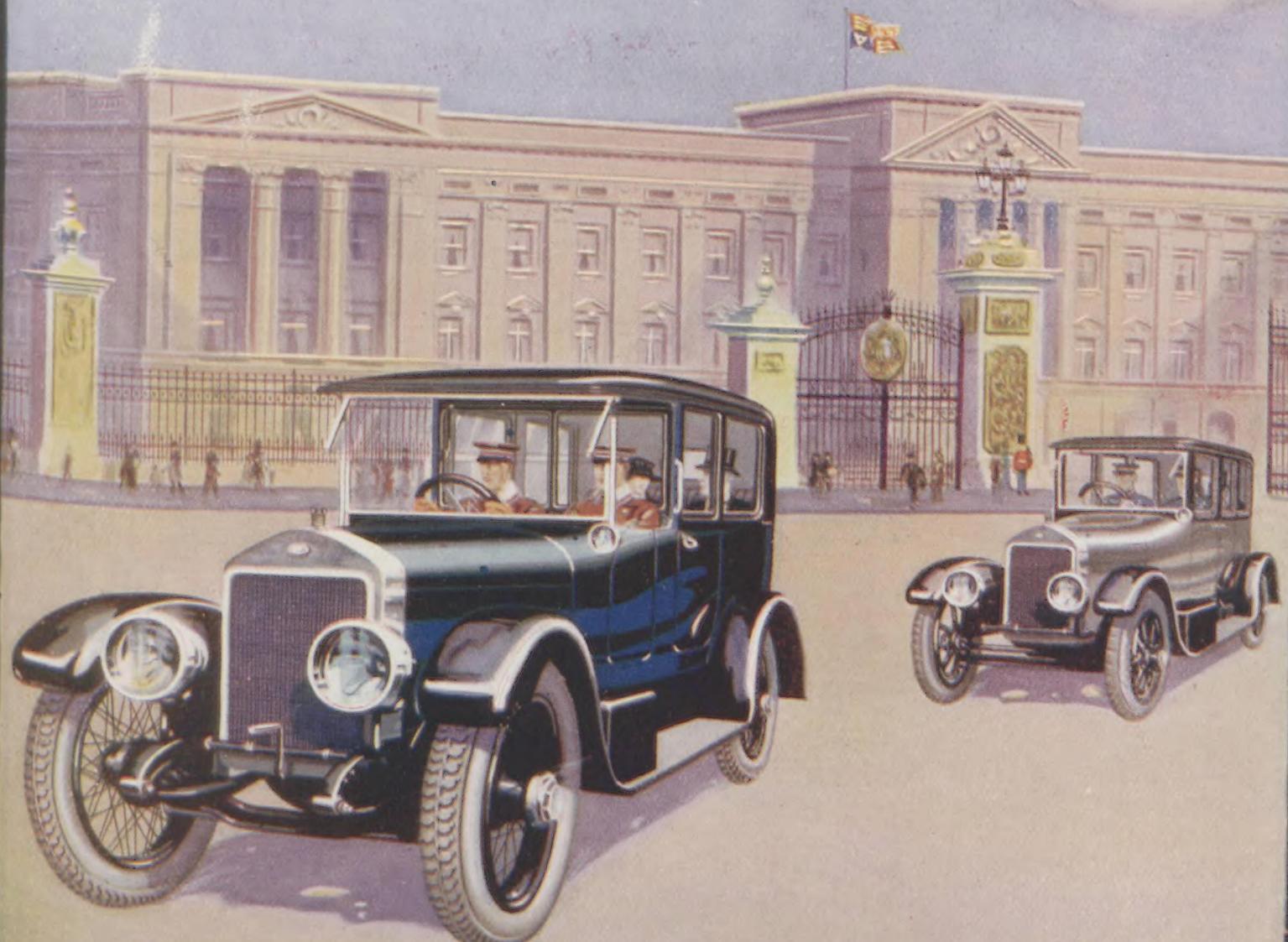
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THE B.F. GOODRICH CO., LIMITED  
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BY APPOINTMENT  
TO H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA

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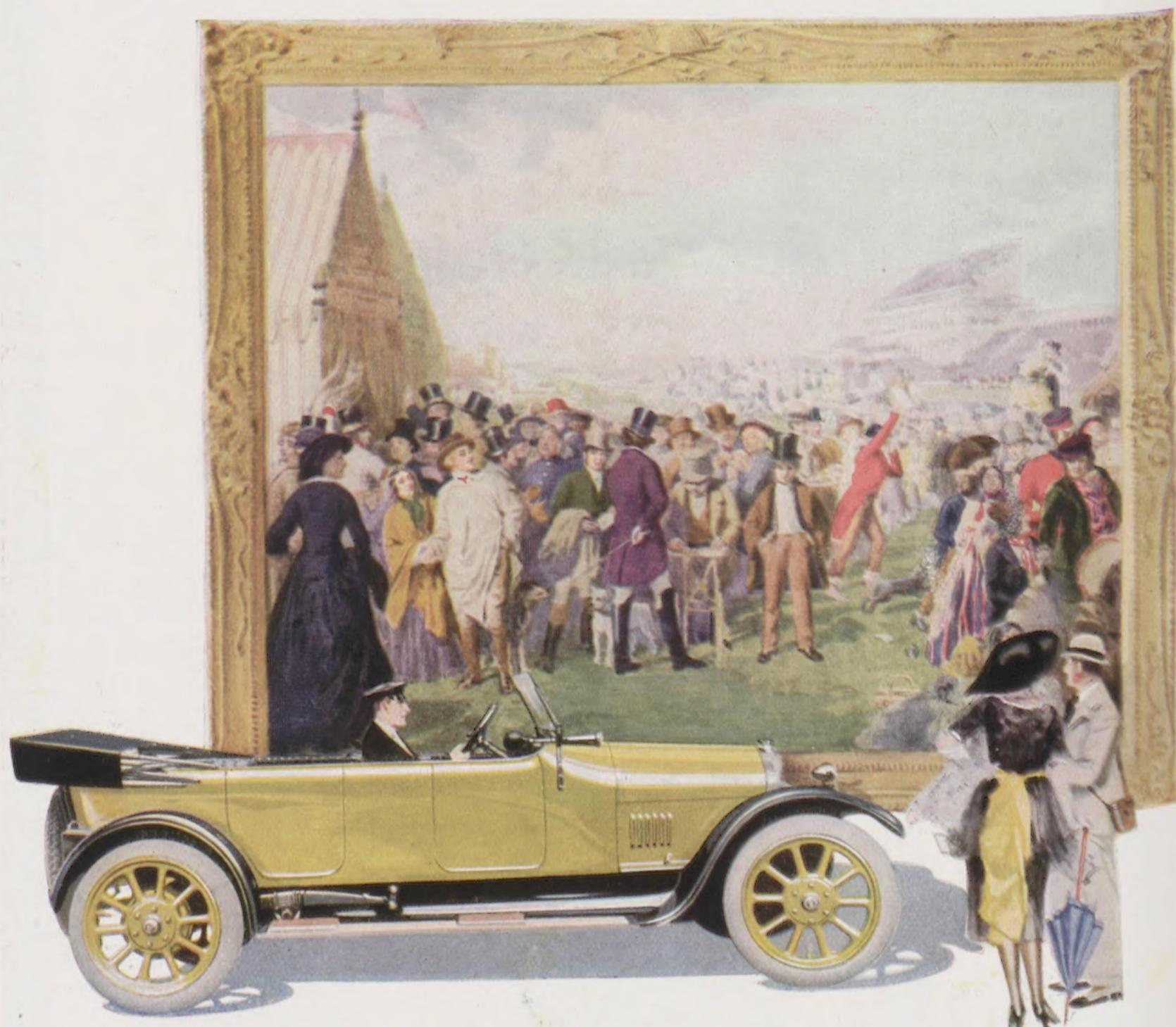


There is a standard "WOLSELEY" CAR  
to meet EVERY requirement

London Showrooms  
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WOLSELEY MOTORS, LTD.,  
Proprietors, VICKERS, LIMITED.  
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HERE is always a temptation to overload the average light four-seater of to-day, the chassis of which was probably designed originally for a two-seater.

The 14 h.p. Angus-Sanderson is a medium-powered car admirably filling the gap between the light car and the more expensive and higher-powered vehicle. It possesses such a reserve of power that it will hold its own with cars of double the horse power and selling at twice the cost.

One ride in an Angus-Sanderson will convince you of the truth of our statement that

"MONEY CAN BUY NO FINER VALUE."

*THE Briton's love of sport has neither increased nor noticeably diminished since the period of the picture; but his means for gratifying his taste have changed somewhat. What consternation would be caused could one but introduce this Angus-Sanderson car among the "bloods" of the Downs of an earlier day!*

**Angus-Sanderson**

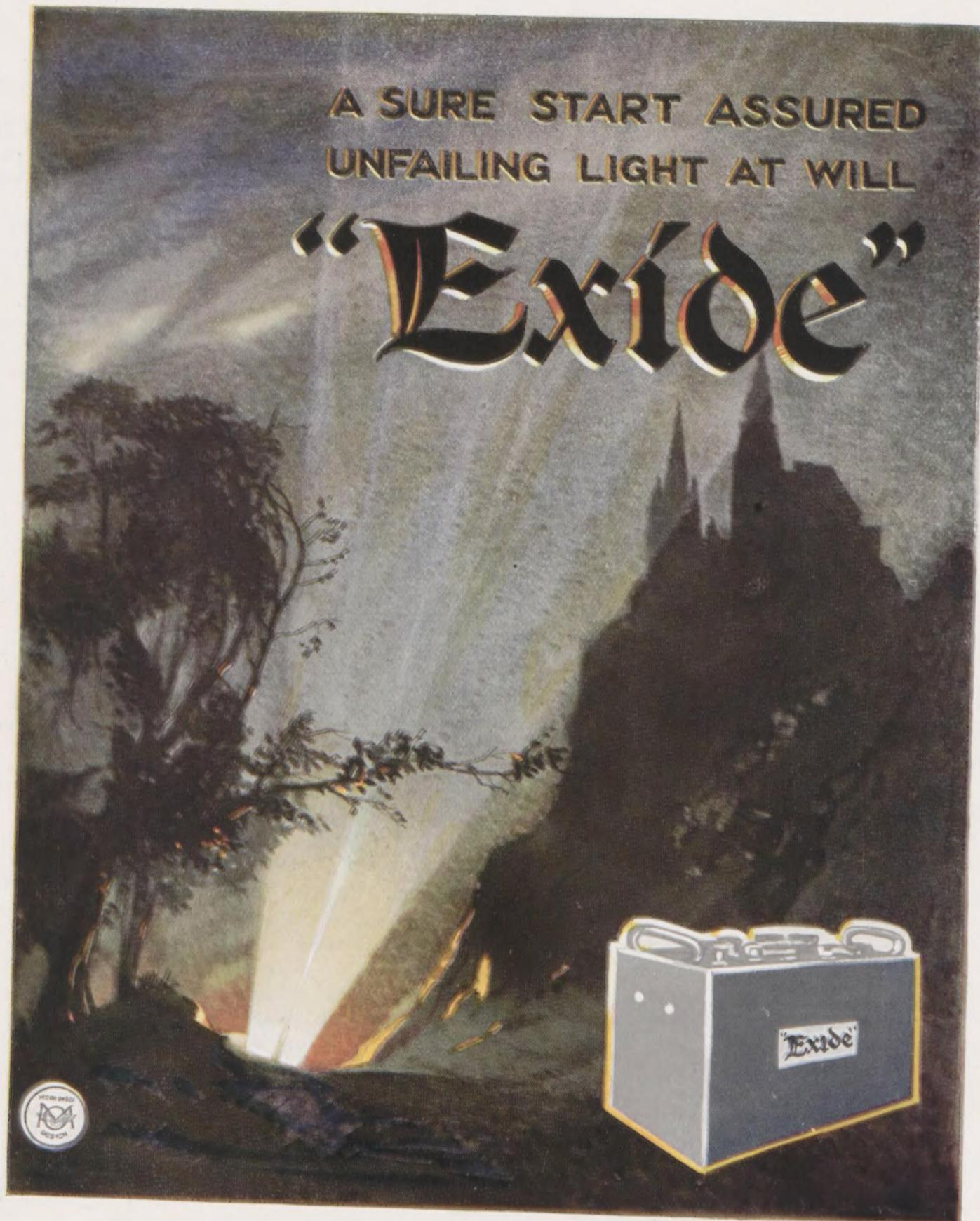
Four-seater : £495 : Fully :  
Touring : Guaranteed

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Telegrams: "ANGUSAN, PHONE, LONDON."

WORKS, HENDON, LONDON

Telephone: GERRARD 8091



More power than you are likely to need, longer service than you are likely to expect, freedom from trouble that you are sure to appreciate—these are the things you will get from an Exide Battery.

There is an Exide Battery to suit every car. The Exide Service Agent in every large town can show you one, and explain its superiorities.

*Ask for List of Agents*

CLIFTON JUNCTION,  
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THE Chloride ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED.

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# Economy the year round

**GARGOYLE MOBILOILS** prices are substantially lower than those of last year. The price revision of March 1st was the fifth reduction made in twelve months.

The economy of correct lubrication, however, is not a matter of price per gallon. It is a matter of cost per mile. Economy in car operation depends mainly on the use of an oil which, in body and character, meets correctly the mechanical conditions of the engine.

To ascertain the correct grade for your car refer to the Chart of Recommendations at any garage. A Price List is also displayed by all motor dealers. Ask for the correct grade by its full name and make certain of year-round economy in oil and fuel, repairs and depreciation.

*Gargoyle Mobiloids are sold by dealers everywhere*



## Mobiloids

*A grade for each type of motor*

**VACUUM OIL COMPANY LTD.**  
CAXTON HOUSE · WESTMINSTER  
LONDON · S.W.1

Telegrams: "Vacuum, Phone, London."

Telephone: Victoria 6620 (8 lines)

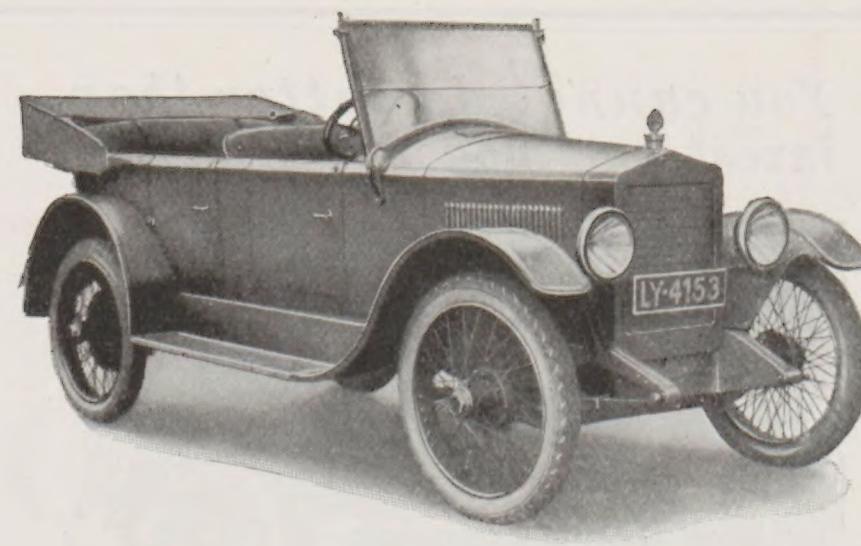
### Chart of Recommendations—Part I. Motor Cars & Light Cars

**EXPLANATION:**  
For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloid "A"  
"B" means Gargoyle Mobiloid "B"  
• means oil supplied from engine

NAME OF CAR	1921				1920			
	ENGINE		Gear Box	Back Axle	ENGINE		Gear Box	Back Axle
	Summer	Winter			Summer	Winter		
A.B.C. . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
A.C., 4 cyl. . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
" 6 cyl. . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	—	A	CC	CC
A.L.P. . . . .	A	Arc	C	CC	—	BB	A	CC
A.V. . . . .	BB	A	—	—	—	BB	—	CC
Adamson . . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	—	A	CC	CC
Adler . . . . .	A	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Airedale . . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Albert . . . . .	A	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Alda . . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Allen . . . . .	A	Arc	C	CC	—	A	CC	CC
Alpine . . . . .	A	Arc	C	CC	—	—	CC	CC
Alsace 4 . . . . .	—	—	—	—	A	Arc	CC	CC
Alvis . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Anderson . . . . .	Arc	Arc	CC	CC	Arc	Arc	CC	CC
Angus-Sanderson . . . . .	A	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Apperson 8 . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	—	A	CC	CC
Argonne . . . . .	—	—	—	—	A	Arc	CC	CC
Argyll . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	A	A	CC	CC
Aries . . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Armstrong-Siddeley . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Arrol-Johnston, 15.9 h.p. . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Ashton . . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Auburn . . . . .	Arc	Arc	CC	CC	Arc	Arc	CC	CC
Austin Twenty . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Autocrat . . . . .	A	Arc	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Bayard . . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Bean . . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	BB	—	—	—
Beardmore, 11 h.p. . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
" 25 h.p. . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
" 30 h.p. . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Bell (C.W.S.) . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Belsize, 15 h.p. . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Bentley . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Berliet . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	A	A	CC	CC
Bianchi . . . . .	BB	BB	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Blackburn . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	—	BB	CC	CC
Bleniot-Whippet . . . . .	BB	BB	—	—	BB	A	CC	CC
Bolle . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Brasier . . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Briscoe . . . . .	A	Arc	C	CC	A	A	CC	CC
Briton . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	—	Arc	CC	CC
Briton De Luxe Model . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	A	Arc	CC	CC
Bugatti . . . . .	A	Arc	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Buick . . . . .	Arc	Arc	C	CC	Arc	A	CC	CC
Buire, La . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Butterosi . . . . .	—	—	—	—	BB	B	CC	CC
C.M.N. . . . .	B	BB	C	CC	—	A	CC	CC
Cadillac . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	A	A	CC	CC
Calcott . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Calthorpe . . . . .	BB	A	CC	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Carden . . . . .	A	A	•	—	A	—	—	—
Carrow . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Castle Three . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	—	A	CC	CC
Cirano . . . . .	BB	BB	C	CC	A	A	BB	BB
Chalmers . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	—	—	—	—
Chambers (Epicyclic Gear) . . . . .	—	—	—	—	BB	A	CC	CC
" (Ordinary Gear) . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Chandler . . . . .	Arc	Arc	C	CC	Arc	Arc	CC	CC
Charonette . . . . .	A	A	CC	CC	—	—	CC	CC
Charron . . . . .	A	A	CC	CC	A	A	CC	CC
Charron-Laycock . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Chenard-Walcker . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Chevrolet F.B. 490 . . . . .	A	Arc	C	CC	A	Arc	CC	CC
Chiribiri . . . . .	B	B	C	CC	B	B	CC	CC
Citroen . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	BB	A	CC	CC
Cleveland . . . . .	A	Arc	C	CC	A	Arc	CC	CC
Cluley . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	—	—	—	—
Clyde . . . . .	BB	A	C	CC	—	A	CC	CC
Cole "Aero Eight" . . . . .	A	A	C	CC	A	A	CC	CC

The above is the first of four instalments of the Chart of Recommendations for Motor Cars and Light Cars 1920-1921 Models.





# These World's Records Prove Essex Goodness

Everywhere the Essex is known for the accomplishment of some great feat. It has shown its supremacy among cars of its motor size in all kinds of tests.

Its 50-hour endurance record of 3,037 miles is a mark never before made and not yet equalled.

It established the world's 24-hour mark for road-driving, covering 1,061 miles over snow-clad highways.

A privately owned Essex that had seen 15,000 miles of service broke the world's 24-hour track record of 1,261 miles.

**Men are saying these things about the Essex:**

*"Absolutely the brightest, liveliest little engine I ever found in an American Car."*—S. F. EDGE in "The Autocar."

*"A colossal revelation of the value Americans can offer at its price."*—E. M. D. in "The Auto."

*"The most remarkable car design that has been put forward this ten years, and, in its way, I believe it will ultimately mark an epoch as only a very few other cars, such as Ford and Rolls have done."*—*"Petrol Vapour"* in "The Tatler."

*"This Trans-continental record is not merely a record—it is a miracle."*—*"The Car."*

The greatest proof of Essex endurance was that of breaking the Trans-continental record from San Francisco to New York—3,347 miles in 4 days, 14 hours, 43 minutes, beating the best previous record by 12 hours, 48 minutes. Most of the performances that have established records in motordom were made by privately owned Essex cars piloted by amateur drivers.

To Essex owners the making of records is not a surprise; everywhere you will hear them speak of Essex goodness with conviction.

## Some Essex Specifications:

**Motor**—Four-cylinder, 3½ in. bore by 5 in. stroke. Three-bearing counterbalanced crankshaft. Large main and connecting rod bearings. Intake valves in head. Exhaust valves inside. Flow of petrol from carburettor downward through cylinder head assures complete and uniform distribution of gases into each cylinder, and perfect combustion. Petrol consumption up to 26 m.p.g. Flexibility 5 to 60 m.p.h. Compact, easy of access and simple in arrangement—18.2 h.p.

**Chassis** - - - - -  
**4-5 Passenger Touring**

£425  
£490

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Many motorists prefer running on a mixture of petrol and benzol to using either spirit separately. "Shell" is *Nature's* mixture of petrol and benzol, perfectly combining the rapid vaporising qualities of the best petrol with the non-pinking quality of benzol. In point of fact, "Shell" Motor Spirit, **ALONE OF ALL PETROLS**, was extensively used during the war, *in precisely the same way as benzol*, for the production of those particular aromatic hydro-carbons which form the base of T.N.T. and other high explosives. It is this unique characteristic which accounts for the marked superiority of "Shell" Motor Spirit in respect of mileage, power and non-pinking.

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can is  
sealed.*

# SHELL

*See the  
can is  
sealed.*

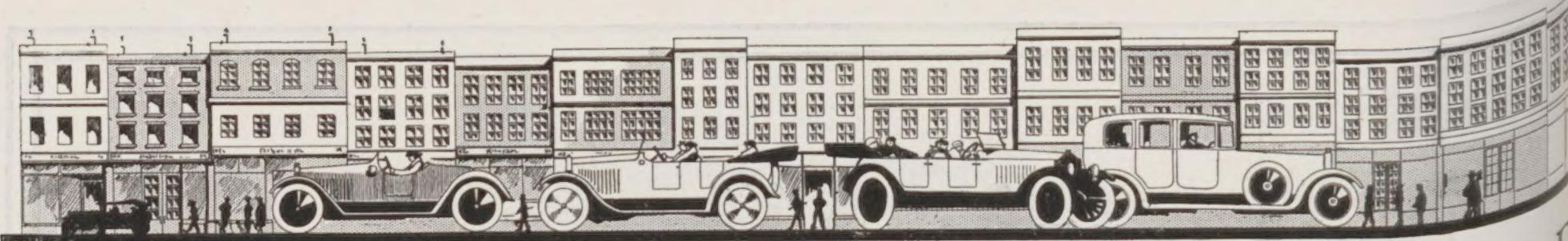
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"EVERY DROP TELLS."

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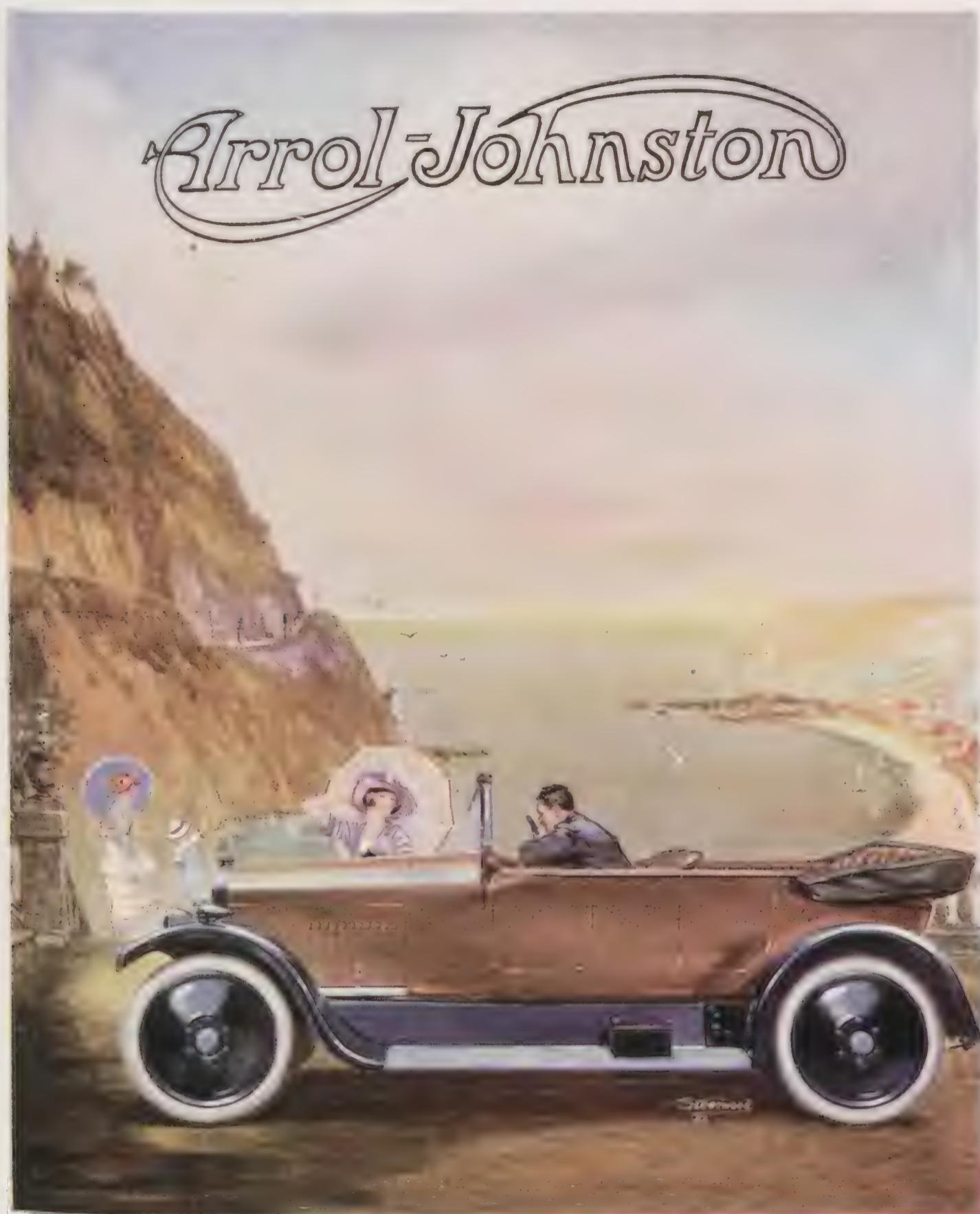
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Page ix

# Arrol-Johnston



NOT least among the attributes of the new "Arrol-Johnston" Car are its graceful lines, good taste and comfortable interior.

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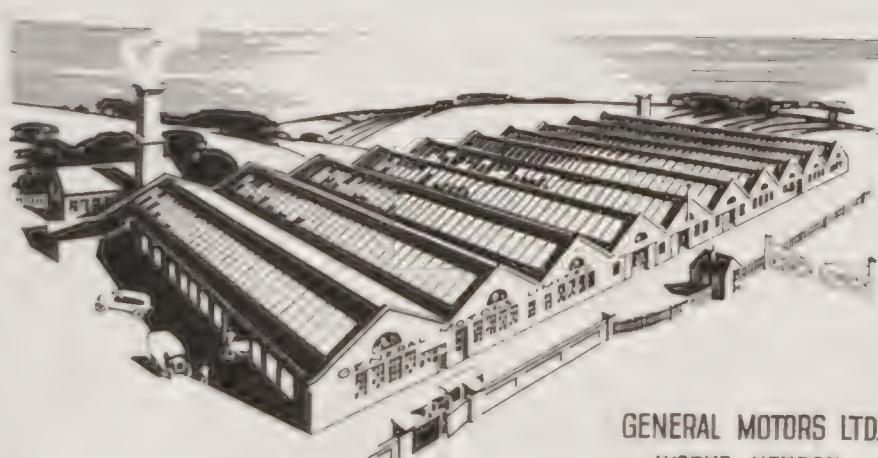
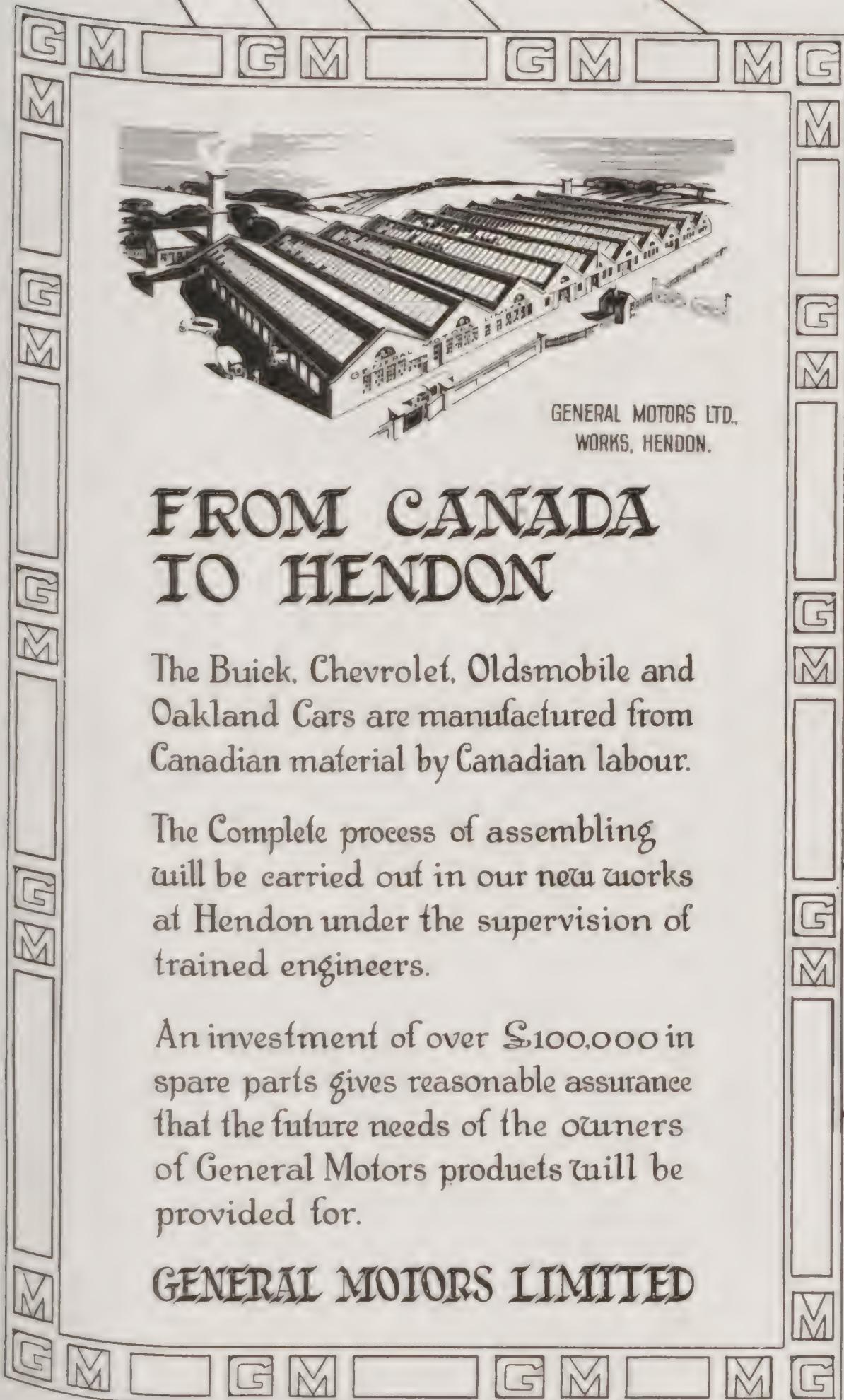
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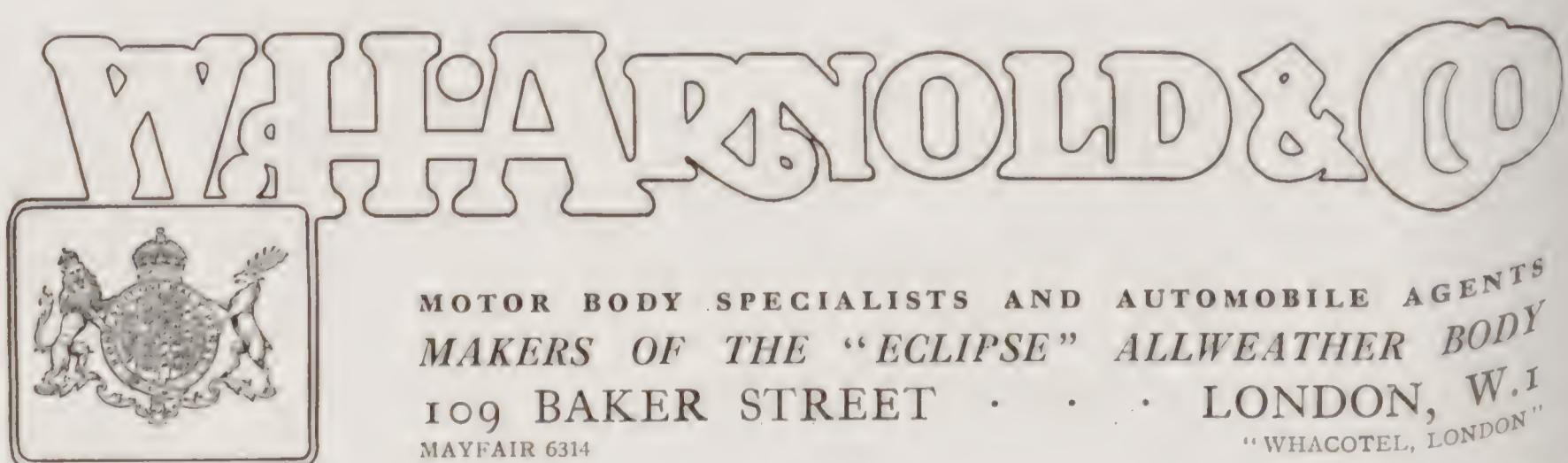


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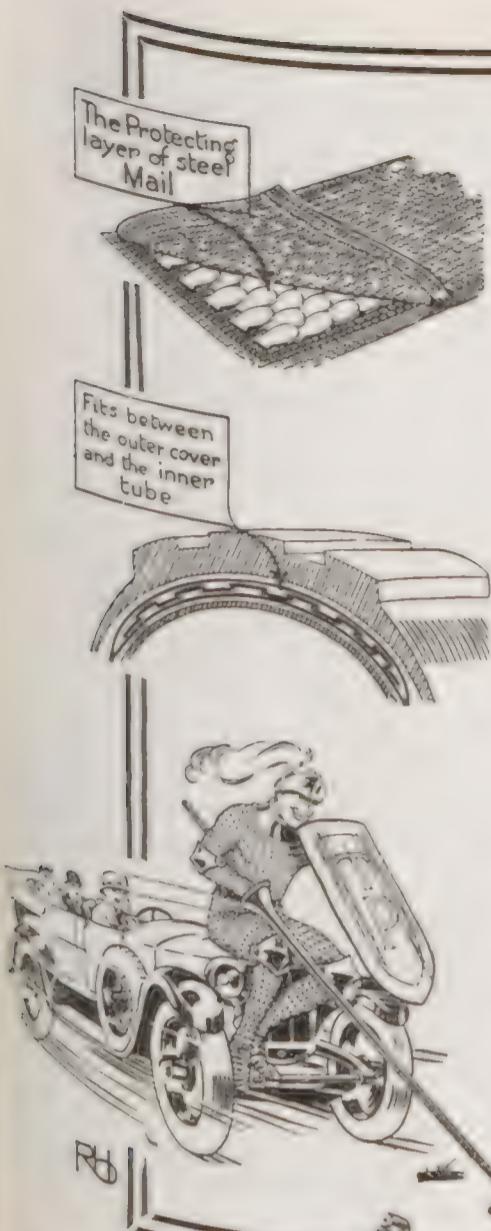
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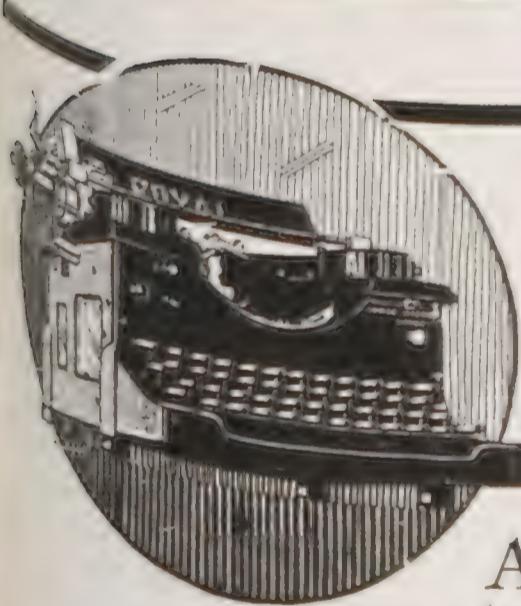
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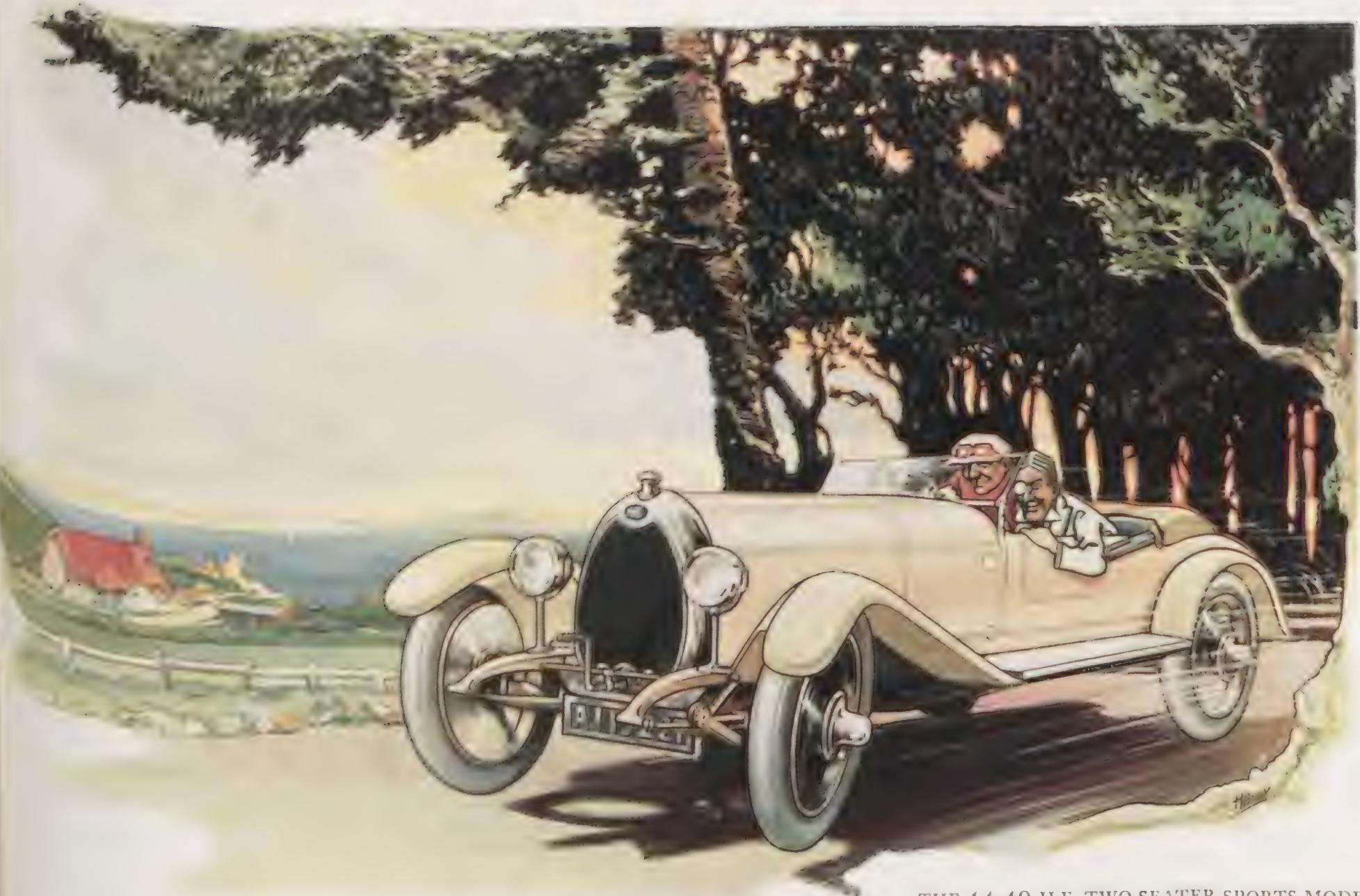
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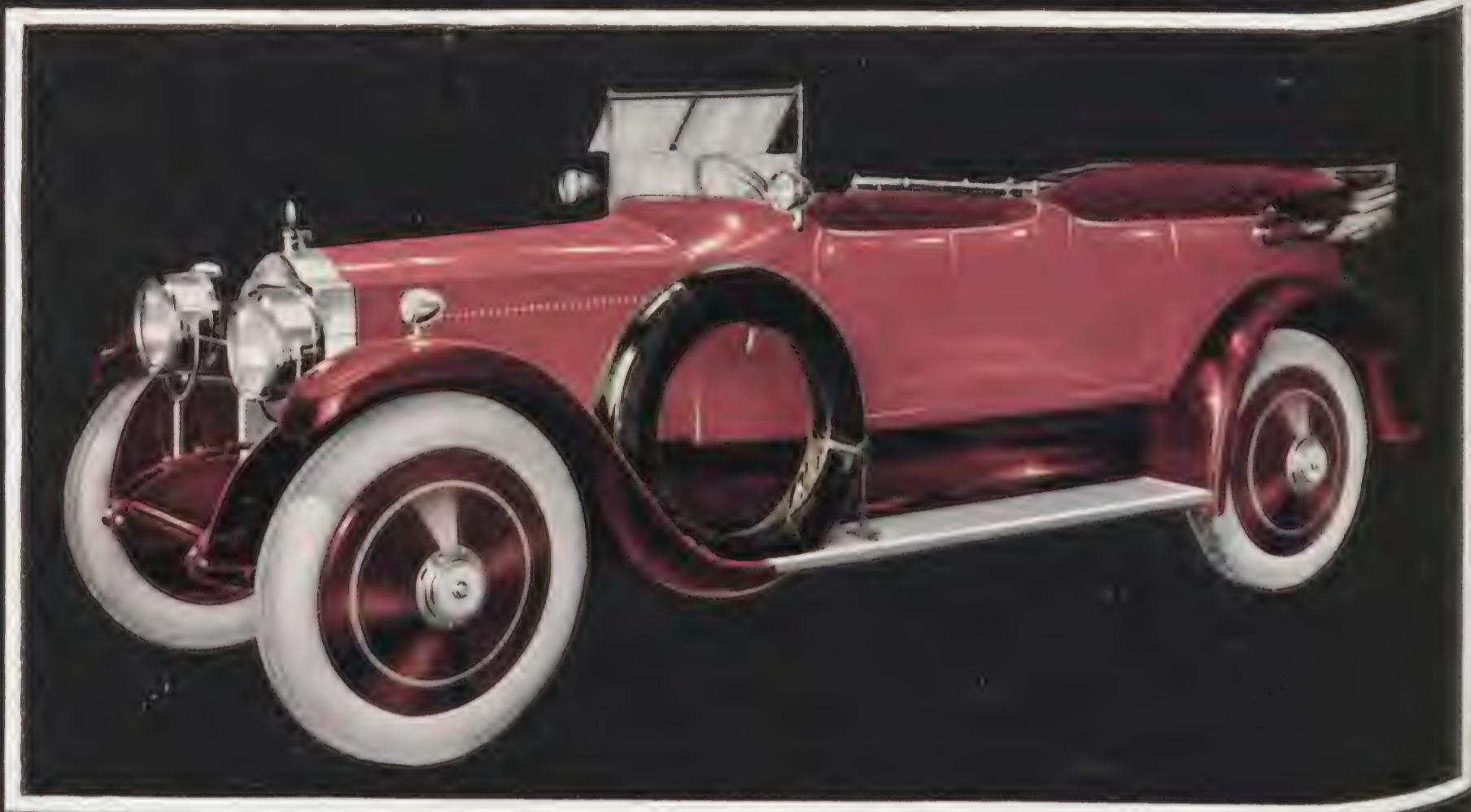
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# THE MOTOR-OWNER

APRIL  
1922

VOL. III  
NO. 35



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The Editorial and Publishing Offices are at 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. Telephone No., Gerrard 2377 (3 lines). Telegraphic Address, "Peripubco, Rand, London." Annual Subscription, payable in advance and postage free:

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Subscriptions should be directed to the Publisher at the above address.

The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

A CLEVER YOUNG AUTHORESS.

*I N      T H E      E M B A S S Y      G A R D E N S .*

*Miss Meriel Buchanan, daughter of a former Ambassador at Rome. The photograph was taken in the gardens of the Embassy, which are among the finest in the Eternal City. Miss Buchanan has written some interesting books on Russia.*



[Miss Compton Collier.]

A NEW MOTOR-OWNER FEATURE.

## A F T E R      D U E      R E F L E C T I O N .

*"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.*



**W**HAT is the matter with Capital and Labour? Why must both parties insist upon mentally substituting "versus" for "and"? The present dispute in the engineering world—perhaps it will be "recent," and not "present," by the time these lines appear—is having a bad effect upon the motor-car industry and doubtless upon other industries. Consequently, whatever the rights and wrongs of the case, it is to be deplored. The average man in the street, whether he be employer or employé, is a mild, reasonable individual. How is it that when several of him get together the result is a happiness and prosperity destroying dispute, oft repeated? Strikes and lock-outs have not been the only difficulties with which national industry has had to contend since the war, it is true, but they have been the greatest factors in the hampering of progress. The motor industry, at least, would have been in a very much sounder position without its several labour troubles. Will reason never be allowed to have sway in the world of work?

### BRITISH CAR QUALITY.

Truth is refreshing, but it is not always to the general advantage that it should be told in its native nakedness. It would have been sheer mischievous folly, for instance, six months ago publicly to have stated the fact that the British car was not as good as it ought to be. Now, however, the time has arrived when some advantage lies in telling the plain truth as to British post-war development, and Captain de Normanville, in a lucid article on pages 4 and 6 of this number, lets us into the secret of certain facts which, so far as we are aware, have not previously been placed upon record. We will not steal the writer's thunder here; suffice it to say briefly that while the average British car of the immediately post-war period was not up to the standard of its pre-war predecessor, Captain de Normanville is

confident that we have now regained our earlier, higher standard, and that the car of 1922 marks as great an advance over that of 1914 as the passage of time would justify us in expecting.

### "LETTERS TO THE EDITOR."

It has not been our practice in the past to devote a section of *THE MOTOR-OWNER* to readers' correspondence; in fact, we have rather discouraged than otherwise the "Letter to the Editor," by dealing with it as far as possible through the post. In spite of this, however, the volume of correspondence has grown to such an extent, and much of it is of so great a general interest, that we are forced to begin a Correspondence section in which readers may fight out their controversies at their own sweet pleasure. Many of the little arguments which we have superintended, shall we say, through the post have been both amusing and interesting, and it seems rather a pity that the bulk of our readers should be deprived of this amusement. *THE MOTOR-OWNER* Advisory Bureau will be conducted as heretofore: that is to say, readers who merely wish for advice on the various problems that crop up from time to time will be answered in the usual fashion—unless, of course, the point raised appears to be one of interest to others than the querist. We make but one stipulation—readers must state their cases or their arguments as briefly as possible. Let every word "tell," and remember that we take all the conventional phrases regarding "our excellent journal" and the eagerness with which each number is awaited for granted. Compliments are all very well in their way, but they do not cut any ice. We want our correspondence pages to cut ice all the time; in fact, letters which are too long or deal with comparatively unimportant subjects will be subjected to the Editorial veto. This feature will be started in the May number.

### BACKWARD LONDON.

London, that model-to-the-world of traffic control, is painfully behind other cities in some respects, and notably so in regard to the disposal of temporarily unwanted motor cars. In Birmingham and Coventry, and doubtless many other towns in this country, without even mentioning the many splendid examples in America, it is possible to leave one's car in an appointed place while one shops, lunches or performs one's daily work. In London, except for the R.A.C. and Engineers' Club reservations, there is nowhere that one may halt for longer than is necessary to put down or take up a passenger—and the mounted police do not allow much latitude even in that matter. True, the leaving of a car in a back street is more or less winked at, but it is done at the owner's own risk, and, incidentally, the risk is considerable. We are not complaining that cars may not be parked in Regent Street or Piccadilly; in view of the traffic congestion, it is obviously essential that all vehicles should be kept on the move. But surely the example of St. James's Square could be followed more generally? Any one of the London squares—which, as a glance at the map shows, abound in the immediate neighbourhood of the great stores, restaurants and theatres—will comfortably accommodate a large number of cars the owners of which, having used the vehicles as means of transport, do not wish to have their further movements hampered. One would imagine that the R.A.C. and A.A. could arrange for a few men to keep a watchful eye on the cars, as is already done in St. James's Square. Motor-owners would not object to paying whatever smal' charge was thought to be necessary. We do not propose to consider the question deeply at the moment, but the possession of a motor car in London is such a doubtful blessing, and especially for the owner-driver, that our motoring organisations ought to take up the matter of parking.

THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH AT LAST.

THE INNER HISTORY OF POST-WAR DEVELOPMENT.

By Captain E. de Normanville.

*It is a more or less open secret—admitted now publicly for the first time—that early British post-war cars were scarcely up to the standard expected of them. Captain de Normanville, however, is confident that at last we have overcome after-war difficulties in regard to design, and that our manufacturers have regained that high standard for which their products were world-famous before the war.*

IS the average British manufactured motor-car really as good as we all believe it to be? In raising this query it is obvious that a comparison with the products of other nations is self-implied. Every citizen worthy of his citizenship has a natural belief in the excellence of his own countrymen and his countrymen's products. Though the Britisher is rather more phlegmatic than the average foreigner he is not as a rule backward in his belief in Britain or his trust in British products. In fact our very insularity, and the geographical insignificance of our country on the map of the world, taken in conjunction with our status in the world lead us to a certain measure of self-opinionation which is often decried by the foreigner. In pre-war days we could afford to ride the high horse over any such opinion and to some extent the world accepted that line of behaviour as an indication of fact.

Now, however, things are very different and the nations of the world look upon individual units of that conglomeration with a more searching gaze. The era of "swanning through" on the high horse has given way to the era of more definite facts and less talking. This applies equally to British motoring development and the status of the British industry in the eyes of the world as it does to international affairs in general. And that view-point must mainly govern our overseas trade in the future. Consequently it is as well to analyse the real facts of the case with an unprejudiced mind rather than to accept blindly the mere verbal vauntings with which we have been copiously supplied in the post-war period.

A BAD PERIOD.

At the present time when trade is only just beginning to improve again from the bad conditions under which we have suffered for so long it would obviously be an ill-service to talk about anything which might tend to

belittle the value of the home product. It is for that reason that I have waited until the present time to bring forward the subject now raised—and the time is an acceptable one, as the chief weight of the defects referred to is now a thing of the past. You might therefore be tempted to ask, "if the subject is a thing of the past, what is the use of bringing it to life again?" The answer to that query is quite simple. The difficulties in question, though now past in fact, nevertheless linger as thoughts in the minds of many motorists both here and abroad, and such thoughts once acquired take far more time for eradication by normal process of change of opinion than they do to come into existence. Therefore the quicker any such lingering doubts can be eradicated the better for all concerned.

Now the large majority of independent authorities on motor-car performance are agreed that the average British product of the immediate post-war period was inferior in general road performance to its prototype of 1914. Of course, we all know that the manufacturers have been preaching the opposite to us with a varied chorus mainly remarkable for its absolute unanimity. But it was also remarkable for the mere fact that such statements and propaganda effort should be thought necessary. The weakness of the situation arose from that very fact. Everyone knew of the vastly improved manufacturing facilities and machinery available for car production as a result of the war, and also of the improved materials that could be used. Naturally therefore unless some personal element or kindred extraneous factor entered into the situation to upset calculations, the obvious deduction was that the job should be better, although, of course, costing more money. But it is during the immediately post-war period that these natural anticipations did not in point of actual fact materialise in practice.

INNER HISTORY.

If you throw your mind back to the period of the so-called boom, you will readily recall that practically any type of motor-car that could run on four wheels commanded a ready sale at practically any price. It did not matter so much whether it was of good, bad, or indifferent value. The mere facts that it could run, and that it could be obtained immediately were the prime factors in the situation. There is nothing worse for business which has normally to be competitively good in order to be successful, than a protracted period of no competition. That is exactly what many British manufacturers suffered from during that period and many cars were allowed to go out into the hands of the public which would never have been passed as suitable in normal times as represented by the pre-war part of 1914. Now the curious part of that stage in development was the keen resentment exhibited by the average manufacturer if anyone ventured to tell him his car was not quite equal to his own product of earlier days. I well remember several such conversations and how strenuously such an opinion was opposed. I also well remember in the case of one particular manufacturer who showered coals of fury upon my head for venturing such an opinion, that I discovered afterwards he was using an early 1914 chassis surmounted by new model coachwork. His explanation was that the demand for the new model was so great he did not feel justified in taking one of the new chassis for his own use! This, of course, was an excellent and most praiseworthy example of self-abnegation, but I must confess that I still shelter a little shade of doubt as to whether all the bread was buttered that way.

I also remember in those days how, meeting with such strenuous opposition from manufacturers, I began to doubt my own judgment and to assume that my views were at fault.

(Continued on page 61)

DELIGHTFUL NATURE STUDIES.

WILD LIFE IN THE TREES TOPS.



A wonderful series of bird-life cinema films has been obtained by Captain C. W. R. Knight, some "stills" from which we are able to reproduce by the courtesy of Messrs. Hepworth. On the left, above, a group of young herons is seen watching the mother bird fly off in search of a fresh supply of food. On the right is a sparrowhawk's nest, with the mother and her babies, and in the

centre, below, is shown a newly hatched sitting of kestrels. The small pictures show again heron and sparrowhawk. These pictures are charming in their way, but the actual films, in view of the stupendous difficulties which the operator must have encountered, are really wonderful, and illustrate the life and habits of the various wild birds in the series in novel fashion.



## REGAINING OUR STANDARD.

(Continued from page 4.)

Then came the next phase. One met a leading agent of repute who had been handling the same cars for many years, and one found that his opinion was exactly the same as one's own. A week or two later one lunched with another agent of repute and experience—and found the same state of affairs. Yet again one discussed the question with fellow scribes of extended experience and found the self-same views. Thus one turned round again to accept what is now generally accepted as a fact, namely, the immediate post-war produced British car was not up to the standard of early 1914.

### AND THE NEXT PHASE.

And the next phase of this development era was in relation to you, the reader, or a considerable percentage of you who later on began to go through the same lines of thought-out conviction, re-conviction, and ultimate conviction. You heard from some friend in the club that he did not consider the 11.09 h.p. Jones-Smith car to be quite as good as the same powered model which he had bought in early 1914 and sold during the war. You probably thought that he was wrong or that the particular car in question was not representative of a correct average performance. Later on you met another friend who had also purchased one of the new cars in question, and he told you a similar tale, and you then began to believe it probable that the facts of the case were as represented to you. And so the information gradually began to spread until at last it came back to the manufacturer in such volume that he was forced to sit up and take notice. And that period coincided more or less with the early indications of the commencing of the downward curve, signalling the termination of the boom period. The thermometer of demand in the sales departments began to sink. Yet the actual breakdown of the boom was not yet fully apparent. Consequently each manufacturer began to look round his own affairs and try to put his house in order. His first step was to start propaganda to try and dispel the "not so good as the pre-war model" feeling growing up in the public mind. In his inner consciousness he probably (though not necessarily) knew that the facts of the case were as they had been frequently represented to him. But he naturally started a propaganda campaign to the effect that his new model was undoubtedly better than his previous product. And he concurrently took

steps to turn that propaganda into practical truth by seeking out the weak points in his job and seeing that they were remedied.

### THE END OF THE BOOM.

And now the end of the boom was more definitely visible on the immediate horizon. Those manufacturers who cared to look blunt facts in the face had no difficulty in doing so. They saw that whilst the demand for their own particular product had dropped, say, 50 per cent., that of one particular competitor had dropped, say, only 10 per cent. Even in the slackest period of the slump which has been so unpleasant a feature of the post-war depression era, one or two special makes have enjoyed a constant and steady demand. It is not hard to find the reason for this differentiation. One can fool the public for a period with self stated facts as to quality, but in the course of time the public "gets to know" and no amount of verbal effort will alter that opinion until the quality of the job warrants an alteration. And, believe me, once the "not quite so good" idea has got abroad it takes quite a lot of eradicating—which is the reason for my delving into the inner history of post-war development in the British motor industry. It affects the industry, it affects you, and it affects everyone directly or indirectly connected with the development of British motoring. We come now to the more pleasing *dénouement* of the situation.

### WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT.

In the great majority of cases when one tries a car as now produced it represents a remarkable improvement on last year's model. All said and done there is nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that the war period should have had an ill effect on the production of British motor cars. Everyone knows that the bulk of firms were engaged during the war on the production of shells or other munitions, and had no opportunity of "keeping their hands in" relative to the niceties of motor car production. Despite the wonderful progress made in machinery and material there is still a vitally important human element in the production of a motor car. This personal element is particularly noticeable in all units where assembly has a direct relationship to efficiency. In most cases it seems to be that during the war the average mechanic lost that personal pride in his work which was

previously so important a factor in British engineering prestige. Thanks to stupid Governmental action during the war he had been trained to the idea of getting as many pieces to pass the inspector in a given time as possible, so as to draw the princely wages which were then hurled at him. Whether the job was as good as he could make it ceased to matter. So long as it passed the inspection department and he got his excessively high wages, that was all that mattered. One is glad to learn from many sources that the average mechanic is slowly regaining his pride in his production, and the manufacturer, left alone, is so organising his works that adequate payment is given to compensate for adequate labour and efficiency. The result, coupled with the active energies of the manufacturer and his staff, is now seen in a marked improvement in the average British car as produced to-day by comparison with the average British car produced six months ago. The leeway has been made up, and once again we are getting back to our average degree of general excellence.

And that this degree is very high in comparison with the average of other motor manufacturing countries I do not think can be disputed. We cannot, as the Americans do, turn out a medium quality, 50 h.p. six-cylinder car for little more than £200—and I honestly don't know that we want to. We can make cars of the quality of the Rolls-Royce, the Wolseley Twenty, the Sunbeam Six—to mention only a few—and I absolutely defy anybody to produce a better car in the various classes than the British best in those classes. Our average standard was probably the highest in the world, and we have regained it.

If, therefore, you have in your mind any thoughts of the "not so good as it used to be" type, you may safely obliterate them in regard to the majority of British cars as now produced. Many a manufacturer who told you last year that his job was an improvement on his pre-war model may have been telling you what he thought to be the case, though in actual fact the statement was probably an exaggeration. In most cases to-day, however, when the same manufacturer tells you the same story he is telling you the actual truth as different from expressing a pious belief. And that is the point I want you to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest—with the accent on the last phrase.

A SUCCESSFUL EVENT

**T H E   K O P   H I L L   C L I M B.**

*“The Motor-Owner” Cups won by Count Zborowski and Captain Frazer Nash.*

THE Essex Motor Club's hill climb at Kop Hill, Princes Risborough, on March 25th, was the occasion for a great revival of interest in automobile sport. Some 8,000 people visited the little Buckinghamshire town in connection with the event, and, of course, every vantage point on the hill itself was crowded with spectators during the competition. The arrangements for the climb, the entrants being divided into 30 classes, of which the first eleven were for motor cycles, worked with perfect smoothness, and altogether the event was conspicuously successful.

The car section of the programme, containing the names of many well-known racing cars and drivers, represented twenty-seven different makes, of which the great majority were British. The events of principal interest were, of

course, the last two classes, for cars of unlimited capacity in racing trim, the two favourites being Count Zborowski, on the 4½ litre Ballot, and only rival G. A. Vandervell, on the Indianapolis Sunbeam.

As a matter of fact the honours were even, since the Ballot won Class 29 and the Sunbeam Class 30. Count Zborowski proved the winner of THE MOTOR-OWNER Cup for the fastest climb of the day with an average speed of over

70 miles an hour. A second cup, offered by THE MOTOR-OWNER for the best performance on formula, went to Captain A. Frazer Nash, whose G.N. performed in its customarily spectacular fashion.

Although the Ballot was apparently far and away faster than any car other than Vandervell's Sunbeam, some remarkable performances were put up, notably by Captain Frazer Nash, whose G.N. was only a few seconds slower than the Ballot, and the three-litre Bentley, one-fifth of a second faster than the G.N. The Sunbeam was approximately two-fifths slower than the Ballot.

The general results of the competition represent an astonishing success for two makes of car in particular—the Aston-Martin and Charron Laycock, which took the bulk of the honours respectively for fastest time and formula.



*Above: Count Zborowski making fastest time of the day on the Ballot, and winning “The Motor-Owner” Cup. Left: Captain Frazer Nash and the G.N. won “The Motor-Owner” Cup for the best performance on formula. Right: Kensington Moir on the Aston-Martin.*

A CLOSE RELATIONSHIP.

TENNIS AND THE CAR.

*"The Motor-Owner" Encourages a Rapidly Growing Development of Automobilism.*

THE coming season will witness the biggest boom in tennis which history has seen. All the records of last year appear likely to go by the board pretty thoroughly—and tennis will reign—Janus like—as King and Queen of summer sport. We do not wish to submit that this statement indicates any remarkable powers of prevision on our part. On the contrary, the facts are more or less obvious and generally accepted. What is not quite so obvious, however, is the closer relationship between motoring and tennis which became a pronounced feature of last season's sports development, and will be an even more pronounced feature this year. It is in that connection that THE MOTOR-OWNER is taking a lead.

The average motor-owner is a man or woman of many parts. No longer is he or she solely interested in the pastime of motoring as a sport. The car is mainly used in conjunction with hunting, polo, tennis, golf, cricket, racing, and other sporting inclinations—not forgetting the theatre and fair my lady who spends the petrol money on shopping expeditions that might not otherwise be undertaken!

But amongst all these, the tennis motorist is the one who is so fast coming into greater prominence. True to its policy of representing its readers' interests in all manner of sports

and pastimes as distinct from merely motoring, THE MOTOR-OWNER has decided to foster this new development of motoring interest. Looking round for a suitable locale in which to take such activity, we have decided upon the London Country Club, which is the most popular tennis resort of motorists in the United Kingdom.

On a fine week-end you can see motorists arriving there by the hundred, and the cars parked in dense ranks whilst the various parties are enjoying their tennis in the splendidly equipped club which is there provided. In fact the London Country Club is fast becoming a leading venue for motorists for tennis, golf, dancing, and other amusements.

We have therefore decided to present the fine Challenge Cup here illustrated, which has been specially designed and produced for us in solid silver by Messrs. Mappin & Webb, to the London Country Club as representative of the combined motoring and tennis interests. It will be played for during the coming season under conditions to be announced later on. The exact nature of the event will be decided by the Club's Tennis Committee, and, as some of Britain's best tennis players are members, particularly interesting events should result.

That, however, is only incidental to the marked development of the motorist's interest in tennis. Already the boom in this happy combination of sports is evidenced throughout the country. To go by car to house or club tennis parties is the latest vogue. The London Country Club presents an ideal venue for the motorist who wants a game of tennis, and, to interest the devotees of both sports, we have presented "THE MOTOR-OWNER" Challenge Cup.



*"The Motor-Owner" Challenge Cup.*

FAMOUS PLAYERS IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE.



*F. Gordon Lowe's famous back-hand drive across the court.*



*G. T. C. Watt at the conclusion of his overhead smashing shot.*



*A. H. Fyzee, whose agility has brought him to the fore.*

## ARE ENGINES TOO EFFICIENT?

Wherein it is argued that overhead valves have attained a greater vogue than they deserve.

By Capt. W. Gordon Aston.

**I**T is curious that everybody seems to have taken the direction in which modern motor-car engines have been developed as being the only legitimate and natural one. So much so is this the case that I have heard on more than one occasion perfectly good engines stigmatised (and it is needless to say by capable automobile engineers) as out of date, merely because they adhere to the principle of side-by-side valves. Now I am by no means a *laudator temporis acti*, nor do I propose to attack overhead valves in general, but it seems to me that they have acquired a prestige and have attained a vogue which are conceivably more than they deserve.

Let us briefly state the conditions which have chiefly led to the adoption of overhead valves on so many present-day cars. In the first place they increase the possible power output from an engine of given dimensions, inasmuch as they reduce the area of the combustion chamber and thereby diminish the heat losses occasioned by the metal having a cooling effect. Thus we see that the overhead valve permits of a bigger load capacity and scope being obtained from an engine of restricted dimensions. If those who advise the Treasury upon the best methods of extorting money out of motorists had not seen fit to use engine size as a criterion, it is almost certain that the vogue of the overhead valve would be nothing like so pronounced as it is at present. We all know, however, the psychological effect of taxes, and but few of us fail to employ

every legitimate means of dodging them. Designers, therefore, have been encouraged to keep engine dimensions down as low as possible, and at the same time to push up the normal horsepower, so that the performance of the vehicle is equivalent to that of an older car with a considerably larger motor.

Another fact which enables overhead valves to increase efficiency is their ability to improve the volumetric efficiency of the motor. The engine, in the process of converting the energy of a series of explosions into the rotary motion of the crank shaft, has to act on its inlet stroke as a pump, and its efficiency as a pump has an immediate bearing upon the possible power output. With the overhead valve, the flow of mixture is taken into the combustion chamber with the minimum number of twists and turns.

It will be realised that, at the enormous speed at which inlet gases travel, any turn, unless it be very suave, has an obstructive effect upon the flow of gas. The more complicated the passages through which the gas has to travel, the less the extent to which

the cylinder can fill itself, and hence the smaller the total effective pressure developed by the explosion.

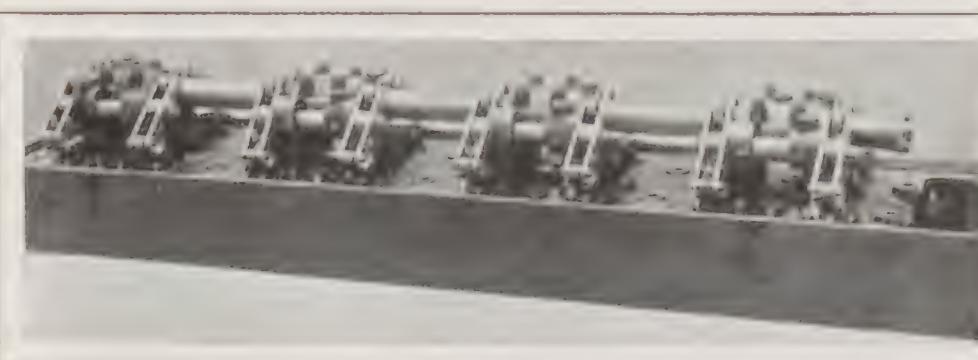
A third advantage of overhead valves which is worth citing is the facility which they offer for adjustment and general accessibility. At one time this was held to be rebutted by the fact that serious damage could be done to an engine in the event of a valve breaking and falling into the cylinder, but the advance in the science of metallurgy has enabled valves to be produced on a commercial scale which are entirely free from the least likelihood of such breakage.

Briefly, then, the case for the overhead valve resolves itself into:—

- (1) Greater efficiency.
- (2) Greater accessibility.

Against these it is only fair to say that important disadvantages can be cited. In the first place there is the disadvantage of increased expense, which appears to be inherent to overhead valve engine construction. As a rule more working parts are required. This involves almost essentially a greater production cost.

The second disadvantage is the lack of accessibility of the valve itself. It is perhaps hardly fair to quote this, because the same lack of accessibility applies to side-by-side valves, which are furnished with detachable cylinder heads. One cannot help feeling, however, that in this case it is a very real disadvantage that the valves cannot be got at for inspection purposes without involving a rather lengthy job, and the breaking of a joint, the tightness of which is of



The neatly-arranged overhead valve gear and detachable head of the Leyland straight eight-cylinder engine—a car in the design of which convention has played a very minor part.

AND THEIR DISADVANTAGES.

prime importance to the running of the engine.

There is a good deal to be said for valve caps, and equally there is a good deal to be said for overhead valves in detachable cages. I would be prepared to assert that in the majority of engines in which the valves are so situated as to defy occasional inspection, a great deal of power is lost over long periods of running, because the valves themselves are permitted to get into a state which prevents them giving their best service. One is entitled, therefore, to suggest that whilst the overhead valve engine gives more power per unit of cylinder dimensions, as compared with an engine with side-by-side valves and separate valve caps, nevertheless, this margin is not maintained, because there is less likelihood of the valve faces and valve seats being kept in proper condition.

To my mind, however, the most important disadvantage of the overhead valve engine is that it shows its favourable characteristics at the wrong end of the power output scale. No one can possibly deny that in the majority of cases the side-by-side motor is the sweeter running of the two. It is more controllable and fires more evenly and steadily at low speeds. One reason of this is because, since overhead valves permit of very much higher effective revolutions, the valve timing is generally designed to permit of high revolutions being used rather than to give good pulling at slow speeds. Generally speaking, it is next to impossible to have a valve timing of such a type as to give advantage at both ends of the scale. You can only get good pumping efficiency at high revolu-

tions by sacrificing some of this pumping efficiency at low speeds. It is because of this that side-by-side valve engines are notoriously more docile in handling and more controllable.

Another cause of the same effect is associated with the phenomenon of turbulence. It has now been abundantly proved that the effectiveness of the explosion of a combustible mixture depends considerably upon its state of turbulence. This latter is encouraged by making the inlet gas take such a path as will ensure that even after the gas has been compressed it is still in a state of motion. If engine speeds are low, and the amount of gas admitted to the cylinders is small, it seems to be unquestionably easier to get a reasonable effect of turbulence with the valves in a pocket than with the valves opening directly into the cylinder head. Of course, at very high speeds overhead valves permit of a high degree of turbulence being obtained, but one is entitled to ask—Is this the right end of the power scale so far as ordinary touring cars are concerned? I would not go so far as to say that it is the wrong end, for if I did so I should be setting myself in opposition to many heads which are wiser than mine, and to those who have produced what are undoubtedly very excellent cars, but I do assert that the point is open to question.

To my mind it is a great pity that so big an influence upon automobile design should be exercised by people who are merely car users, and have less than no engineering knowledge. There is many a designer to-day who is not at all satisfied in his own mind that he ought to use overhead valves,

because he is familiar with their disadvantages, but what is he to do if public opinion, ignorant though it may be, declares that no car has a right to call itself up to date unless it is so fitted? In short, it is a thousand pities that overhead valves have become a fashion. No one in his senses could possibly deny that they have their place on high efficiency cars, upon sporting vehicles, upon racing machines, and upon cars in which high-speed "revving" engines are used in preference to lower speed "pulling" motors. But equally, no one can deny that side-by-side valves more than justify their existence, and that it would be a retrograde step if they were driven off the market.

Let the motoring public realise as soon as it can that both types of valve have their peculiar characteristics, and that, according to the purpose for which the car is intended, each is at least equally as good as the other. We shall then have a state of affairs in which designers are given a very much freer hand instead of being driven into following one another like a flock of sheep. Aeroplane engine design has had, and can have, a most beneficial effect upon touring car engines, but to my mind it is quite clear that this influence can be bad if it is overdone.

The fact that the present Wolseley Company this year celebrates its coming-of-age reminds us of the recent worthy culmination to the years of steady progress, when a Wolseley Ten averaged 82 miles an hour for over five hours at Brooklands. Would Captain Aston say that engine was "too efficient"?



The valve gear of the four-cylinder Talbot Darracq, also operated by push-rods, but arranged side by side instead of on opposite sides of the head as in the Leyland.

A six-cylinder Delaunay-Belleville engine with the conventional L-head and side-by-side valves. It will be noticed that the cylinders are in two blocks of three.

## THE MERRY PASTIMES OF THE MASSES.

By Captain P. A. Barron.

*A Sport which keeps alive our virile qualities, though wars have ceased.*

**S**INCE the sport of watching Christians playing with wild beasts in an arena was banned by the Roman Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Lions, many other sporting spectacles have been invented. Bear-baiting, bull-baiting, cock-fighting and the execution of criminals in public have all in their day been the merry pastimes of the masses.

*Tempora mutantur.* Few people would now book seats for an execution unless they could nominate the person who should play the leading rôle. Bull-baiting matinées and the pulling down of deer by greyhounds, which vastly pleased Queen Elizabeth and the dainty ladies of her court, are no longer fashionable, womanly pastimes.

Many people think that the passing of these healthful and untaxed amusements indicates degeneration of our race. They say that when wars cease we have no sports to keep alive our virile qualities, and that even the fiercest waging of peace conferences is unstimulating.

I suggest that they are wrong. I believe that the older sports cease to attract because they have been superseded by a better. We have football.

Those who believe that our love of virile sport is waning should visit a modern football arena when a cup tie is to be played.

They will be provided with more thrills per Greenwich chronometer second than were ever the spectators in a Roman amphitheatre. Within ten seconds they will be seeing red, within twenty they will be making noises that would drown the voice of a mechanically-operated motor horn, and before half a minute has passed they will be jumping up and down on the feet of other spectators and hurling their hats or caps skywards.

Football produces an exhilaration of spirits that makes all other intoxicants appear to be more than legally under proof. It appeals primarily to the human lust for conflict. It is war between men unprovided with the weapons of science. The use of

explosives is barred, and the antagonists may not entrench. Armour is not worn by British footballers, though it is allowed in America. In this country, in which the highest ideals of sport are fostered, players are not even allowed spurs, boxing gloves, knuckledusters or side-arms of any kind. They must slay or cripple their opponents with their hands or feet only. Battering with their hands or feet only. Battering rams, is discountenanced, and even the finger nails must be clipped. In the United States of America professional footballers wear their hair long, and are only allowed to have it bobbed during the off season. It is claimed that the coiffure affords some protection to the skull, but English players, who regard their heads as natural battering rams, have not followed the American custom.

They argue that only thick-headed people should play football, and that the long-haired, soft-headed species should become statesmen or authors.

In the early days of football the game was governed by no rules. A ball was made of bladder with an outer cover of leather, and on a Saturday afternoon, if there were no other entertainments, such as the burning of a witch, stoning of a delinquent in stocks, or daubing of a scold, the population of English villages would turn out in masses and attempt to kick the ball.



"...under Rugby rules the antagonists are allowed to attack each other with hands and feet..."

THE RUGGERS VERSUS THE SOCCERS.

ball into the territory of an adjacent village. The inhabitants of the latter pretty little group of hovels erected by the County Councils of the time would defend their terrain from the invaders, and the battle would rage until the legal hours when meade could be enjoyed at "Ye Ducke and ye Gryene Peas" or "Ye Mayden and ye Fyrey Dragone."

Rivalry between villages became so keen, and the casualties were so heavy, that the sport seriously reduced the number of men available for war. This was annoying to a baron who intended to solve the problem of the castle shortage by capturing the home of a hero who had enlisted for the duration of a crusade. One can imagine his feelings when he found all his best villains playing football instead of helping him to house-hunt.

Accordingly, a number of barons, who styled themselves the Football League, appealed to King John, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, to hold a sports conference at Runnymede. At this historic gathering it was decided that football should only be fought in the private meadows of barons, who should be entitled to charge fees for admission at the rate of one groat per villain, and half a groat for villainesses and varlets under sixteen. A super tax of two groats might be levied on rich villains, then known as "profytyers."

These charges were known as "Gayte Monie," and in this manner one of Britain's greatest industries was founded. Year by year the revenue has grown, and it is estimated that if all the millions paid by football spectators during the last season were collected and paid to the Government, only a small extra contribution would be required from the taxpayers to form a new Ministry to investigate waste.

Having reviewed briefly the history of football, we may now discuss some of the technicalities of this great key industry.

In the first place it must be understood that there are now two entirely different styles of football, known as Rugger and Soccer. "Rugger" is derived from Rugby where some of the English nuts come from, and "Soccer" is from the Greek root "Ass'n," meaning silly or foolish.

The chief difference between the two games is that under Rugby

rules the antagonists are allowed to attack each other with hands and feet, whereas by Soccer regulations opponents may only maim each other by kicking.

Foreigners usually think that the great matches are between the Ruggers and the Soccers, but this is rarely the case. It is customary for both teams in a match to agree to break the same rules.

The following definitions may be useful to the uninitiated:—

**BALL (Foot.)**—An oval, or egg-shaped air bag carried in the hands of players. The shape is not due to partial deflation, and attempts to pump it to rotundity will fail. The egg shape was invented by birds, as this form provides a more comfortable seat than a sphere. If the spectator notices that the players are using a true ball, or globe, this will indicate that they are about to play under the effete Soccer rules, and he is entitled to ask for the return of his gate money.

**GOALS.**—Refuges at either end of the football field. They are built for the accommodation of goal-keepers, and often have nets to keep the crowd away

from those privileged spectators. Should the active players approach a goal an umpire blows a whistle loudly and temporarily stops the game.

**UMPIRE.**—A pacifist non-combatant who orders the fighting to cease when it becomes too rough, or when either side seems likely to score a point. By their intervention whenever the combat becomes exciting, umpires propitiate conscientious objectors who think all football should be stopped.

**SPECTATOR.**—A person who pays money to stand behind one hundred thousand other people and then buys an evening paper to find out what all the shouting has been about.

**FOOTBALL CARTOONIST.**—An artist who receives ten thousand a year for showing the spectators what they paid to see.

**FOOTBALL COMPETITION.**—A skilful evasion of the betting laws by means of which proprietors of popular journals are able to make money and enter Parliament.

**OFF-SIDE.**—The tactical disposition of the players when it appears that the home team is in danger.

**PLAYER (Professional).**—A worker. One who receives small direct payments for his injuries and wonders what becomes of all the gate money.

**PLAYER (Amateur).**—One better versed in the intricacies of football finance.

**STAND.**—An erection on which wealthy spectators stand after paying for seats.

**FUNDS (Contributions to).**—Sums of money paid to football clubs by Parliamentary candidates before elections.

**FUNDS (Lack of).**—A condition that often existed in former times when Secretaries left the country: now more often due to postponed elections.

**MUDDIED OAF.**—A thorough and plucky sportsman who helped to win the war. A man who is loved by millions, who sometimes gains greater fame than cinema stars, and, though worse paid, rarely grumbles. A man always ready to risk a limb to save a match and win bets for the supporters of his team. A stout-hearted sportsman who, in spite of the criticism of less virile people, proved to the nations that we were not wrong when we:

" . . . contented our souls  
With the flannelled fools at the  
wicket, and the muddied oafs  
at the goals."



*"It is claimed that the coiffure affords some protection to the skull, but English players, who regard their heads as natural battering rams, have not followed the American custom. They argue that only thick-headed people should play football, and that the long-haired, soft-headed species should become statesmen or authors."*

A PICTURESQUE ROUTE.

*I N S H A K E S P E A R E ' S L A N D .*  
By Clive Holland.

*Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, retains an attraction despite the commercialism with which the poet's memory is exploited in the little town. Mr. Holland here tells the motorist how best to journey to Stratford from the South, and what to see on arrival.*

**W**E were recently talking with a motorist of some note on the subject of touring. He made a remark which is worth the consideration of all motor tourists. It was this : " There is too little thought taken by most motorists when planning a tour, and as a direct consequence ninety per cent. of them see and learn far less of their native land—and other lands—than they might. For myself I have done little Continental touring, but I have learned to know and love the beauty spots and historic places of my own country to a far larger and deeper degree than nine out of ten of my friends."

One thing this motor tourist always did was to try to visit and explore some definite district, either literary, historic, or scenic ; combining, when possible, at least two of these three attractions.

It is not by chance alone that " the heart of England " as it has been aptly called, has beautiful scenery, historic importance, and literary associations to commend it to the tourist, the student, the artist, and the photographer. " Shakespeare's Land " calls with an alluring voice, and yearly, particularly at the bard of Avon's festival in April, many answer to its call. This has been so in the past, and will be so again.

From London, as a starting centre, there are few pleasanter and more picturesque roads than that which takes one through Bucks and Oxfordshire to the county of Shakespeare with its historic towns and villages, leafy lanes, and gracious woodlands.

If one is a true lover of

ancient and picturesque things, and not a mere " eater-up of space "—as the racing and hurry-scurrying type of motorist has not inaptly been named—there is, indeed, plenty to intrigue and arrest one's progress long before the confines of leafy Warwickshire are crossed.

Who, indeed, would not spare an hour to noble Windsor, with its quaint, climbing streets, reaches of limpid river, age-old castle, and the mellowed lights and peaceful silences of St. George's Chapel ? It is, perhaps,

when leaving Windsor on one's way northward, that one gains the best view of the castle, the sober and solid grandeur of which has inspired the brushes of so many artists, from the Elizabethan age onwards.

Oxford may well call for the pause of a day or two, for in the courtyards of its ancient colleges, from its bridges that seem at times to recall to one's mind peeps of Bruges, one catches at least something of the spirit of ages which knew neither speed nor motor-cars, and yet have left indelible marks upon time's history. Who has once seen them, say, at sunset, will forget the age-worn walls and pinnacles of Magdalen, the historic fabric of St. John's ; or, as a contrast, the bustling scene of the " High."

There are still good inns in Oxford, where one's car may be left whilst one rambles through the storied town and seeks to revive some of one's past memories, and those of by-gone ages, when Oxford was not only the seat of learning, but a focus of political activity, far more serious than the debates of the " Union " of our time.

Through lovely country one resumes the road to the great spot of pilgrimage—particularly with our American cousins—Stratford-on-Avon, where the greatest poet of all time, and one of the greatest philosophers, was born to grace and immortalise an age even as rich as that of Elizabeth. Stratford-on-Avon is indeed a " sweetly placed and delectable town," still fragrant with an old-world charm and atmosphere, with still many relics of things and houses which Shakespeare



*The ancient manor house, Salford Priors, near Stratford - on - Avon.*

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE BARD.

saw and knew in his boyhood. In Stratford we have felt that perhaps the cult of the poet has been unhappily tinged with a commercialism foreign to the spirit of Shakespeare himself. But if one can but detach and rid oneself of the insistence of this cult, there is much to enjoy and ponder over within the confines of the little town, the roads of which seem instinctively to lead either to the birthplace, or to the church of the Holy Trinity, where he lies buried.

In the birthplace one steps at once into the life of the poet, for in the low-ceiled quaint rooms are many authentic (and, alas, perhaps unauthentic) relics of the great Shakespeare himself. The quaintly-timbered house in Henley Street has had its vicissitudes since it passed out of the possession of the poet's mother; the original wool shop having in succession become a butcher's, and then an inn, known in 1603 as the "Maidenhead," and later on as the "Swan and Maidenhead." The principal living room is entered directly from the street, as was generally the case with houses of the type in Shakespeare's time. Upstairs is the most interesting room of all, the principal bedchamber in which Shakespeare first saw the light, and in which most probably the poet's father, mother, and sister died.

The original glass is preserved in a great many of the small panes, and these, the walls and ceiling of the room are thickly covered with names, scratched and written on them prior to the very desirable rule forbidding the disfigurement. But even a habit that may, to some, appear a desecration has some advantages, in that many famous names may be deciphered by the curious amid the bewilderingly intricate network of signatures. Among the most famous of the latter are those of Thomas Carlyle, Izaak Walton, who fished in the Avon, and Sir Walter Scott.

An interesting relic is a portrait of the poet, which is most probably not authentic, and was formerly graced with a beard, hung in a room at the back of

the birth chamber. The beard was cleaned off by the direction of the owner, a Mr. Hunt, who eventually presented the portrait to the house. There are also two quaint inn signs, which used to hang outside, and testified to the fact that this was the birthplace of the poet. The museum on the ground floor, once the wool shop, is worth visiting, though it must be confessed that it contains rather a medley of so-called relics, many of which are undoubtedly very remotely, if at all, connected with Shakespeare. It is not possible to make a note of more than a few that may engage the attention.

Firstly, there is the desk, which, tradition at least states, was used by the future poet at the Grammar School. Then there are his sword (doubtful), a ring having the letters W. & S. interlaced with a knot on the bezel, and the sign of the Falcon Inn at Bidford, with which Shakespeare's name has been unfortunately intimately asso-

ciated, rightly or wrongly. The sign appears to be work of a period at least a century and a half after the poet's time. In the Museum are also a number of portraits of varying dates, and also one of Shakespeare's last surviving descendant, Lady Barnard. Of considerable interest, too, is the only letter (a begging one) known to exist addressed to the poet by one Rich. Quyney, dated 1598.

The garden behind the house will interest all lovers of Shakespeare and of flowers, for here in their due season are found most, if not all, mentioned in the plays and poems, and also trees and fruit trees. In the centre is the base of the old fourteenth-century market cross.

In Chapel Street is the site of New Place, where one can still see the foundations of Shakespeare's house. In one of the gardens attached to the house stood the famous mulberry tree.

After Shakespeare's death the house had several owners before coming

into the possession of Mrs. Nash, afterwards Lady Barnard. It was purchased in 1753 by a Rev. Francis Gastrell, than whom a more unsuitable owner could scarcely have been found for so historic a building. Because visitors were numerous who wished to see the tree Shakespeare had planted, and under whose foliage Garrick and other famous people had sat, the owner cut it down; and, later on, because the local authorities looked to him for the payment of the rates due upon the house while he was absent from the town, on his return in a fit of rage he pulled down the house and sold the materials piecemeal. Having done irreparable harm, and ensured that succeeding generations would regard his name with obloquy, he left the town.

The Guild Hall and the Grammar School are both worth a visit.

After the Birthplace, Trinity Church is the most visited of the spots associated with the poet. It is picturesquely situated near the banks of the Avon, and is approached by a beautiful avenue of lime trees. It was originally a Collegiate



An Elizabethan house, typical of Warwickshire architecture of Shakespeare's time.

A RESTORED MONUMENT.

foundation, but has been much restored and altered. The fine spire dates no further back than the middle of the eighteenth century, when it replaced the wooden one which had become dangerous.

Although there are many interesting monuments and memorials in the church, naturally those relating to Shakespeare, his family and contemporaries are of paramount interest. These are chiefly in the chancel, on the north wall of which is the monument to the poet, consisting of a bust enclosed beneath an arch, above which are his arms and crest, and below which is an inscription. It is the work of Gerard Johnson, or Janssen, a Dutch stonemason, whose place of business was near the Globe Theatre, London, and who may therefore have known the poet.

When erected the bust was coloured so as to represent life. The hair and beard being auburn, and the eyes a light shade of hazel. In 1793, however, the bust was painted white, presumably to represent marble. This act of vandalism remained in evidence until 1861, when the white paint was scraped off, and the colours of Janssen restored. Below this monument, and just within the communion rails, lie the bodies of the various members of the poet's family, including the tombs

of Anne, his wife; Thomas Nash, the husband of Elizabeth Hall, who was a granddaughter; Dr. H. Hall, the poet's son-in-law; and Susannah, the poet's eldest daughter.

Shakespeare's resting place is covered by a stone slab, on which are the lines:—

"Good frend for Iesu sake forbear  
To digg the dvst enclosed heare;  
Blest be ye. man yt. spares thes  
stones,  
And cvrst be he yt. moves my  
bones."

The church contains the old parish register, in which are the records of the baptism and burial of the poet; the font, in which he was probably baptised; and an interesting chained Bible.

The Memorial Theatre, near the Bancroft Gardens, with the jade-green Avon flowing beside it, should be paid a visit. There is a fine statue of the poet in the gardens, the work of the donor, Lord Ronald Gower.

The library, on the ground floor of the Memorial Building, contains upwards of ten thousand volumes relative to the poet and his works.

To American tourists, at all events, the Washington Irving room at the Red Horse Hotel, with its reminiscences of that delightful writer's "Sketch

Book," and containing many articles in it that he described, will possess an attraction.

No more vivid picture of Shakespeare's country and times is to be found in modern fiction than that provided by J. C. Snaith, in his fine historical novel, *The Great Age*, which every traveller to Stratford-on-Avon should read.

It is not possible in the space at disposal to deal with the many interesting things to be found near, but not in Stratford-on-Avon, although it is hoped to deal with these in a future issue.

Compton Wynyates, fully described in the August, 1921, number of THE MOTOR-OWNER, for instance. This, one of the most beautiful and interesting of the many fine Warwickshire manor houses and castles, stands within a few miles, and can be visited. It is not known at what period the property came into the possession of the Compton family, but it is certainly many centuries ago. Some say that it was in Norman times. Dugdale points out that it was in the reign of King John in the hands of Philip de Cumpston. In the reign of King Henry VIII. one William Compton was the favourite of the monarch, and so prospered that he determined to build a fine house, which is in the main the building of to-day.



A pretty view of the village of Bidford, from the Avon.



Anne Hathaway's cottage, Shottery, almost untouched since the poet's day.

A BARGE DESIGNED IN FAIRYLAND.

IN A SUNSHINE BOTTLING FACTORY.

*A fascinating and unforgettable experience in the works where Exide electric batteries are produced.*

**W**HEN the Prince of Wales visited Rangoon he attended a regatta in a Royal Barge, which had obviously been designed in Fairyland. In every part of the world people read of the Eastern magnificence of that scene and tried to picture the flaming colours adrift on blue water, the scintillating native nobles and, among them, the King's son in a golden ship.

They read of the scene at night when miles of water were gemmed with constellations of lamps, rainbow tinted, and of the vivid welcome to a fairy Prince who laughed beneath a gilded canopy ablaze with light. It was wonderful pageantry.

In all the descriptions of the scene the word "fairylike" was used again and again, but few of the writers realised the part that modern magic played. When they saw the Prince that night they did not know that, though he was in the Far East, he was lighted by bottled English sunshine.

This was just one of the miracles of science which we accept as a matter of course, without giving a thought to the romance of life to-day. That we can store light and power in a bottle which can be sent to any part of the earth, is one of those wonders which have made far wilder dreams than those of the alchemists come true.

This wonderful discovery of a method of bottling sunshine, or, if you prefer the phrase, "Putting power into pickle," has only been made in comparatively recent years, but its consequences are, perhaps, farther reaching

than that of any other modern invention. The self-starting motor car, the submarine, the wireless apparatus that flashes news across the world, the aeroplane, the subterranean railways, the telephones, the Röntgen rays that enable the surgeon to see through flesh, the lights of great cities, and the glow lamps which the miner carries into his black burrows—all these things have been made practical by the discovery that it is possible to store power somewhat akin to life in a receptacle which apparently contains nothing more mysterious than lead plates and dilute acid.

"Bottled English sunshine" may sound a fanciful description of stored electricity, but if you think for a moment you will realise that it is not altogether inaccurate. The sunshine of aeons ago assisted the growth of forests which became coal. We burn the coal and generate steam power, which drives

electric dynamos. The electrical energy passes to these wonderful lead-filled bottles of glass or celluloid and produces complex chemical actions. Then we send these bottles all over the world, into the air, under the sea, or far into the earth, and wherever they go they can be made to store and restore light or power.

The miner uses that bottled sunshine in order that he may see while he cuts more coal, and it is probable that his work is made easier by a mechanical cutter electrically operated.

The motorist carries bottled sunshine in his car, and by touching a switch can flood the road with light, or can use the stored energy to start his engine, which, once life has been put into it, restores through a dynamo the energy expended.

The modern aviator wakes 500 h.p. engines with this same bottled power, which also enables him to send messages to earth by wireless telephone or telegraph. The submarine slinks beneath the surface almost as silently as a fish, propelled by that reservoir of power which the engines generate when the "tin whale" comes up to breathe.

One of the most interesting places in the world is a factory in which sunshine bottles are made. Perhaps the most wonderful is at Clifton Junction, near Manchester, owned by the Chloride Electrical Storage Company, makers of the famous Exide batteries which are doing so much of the electrical work of the world to-day. These are the batteries which supplied electric light to the Prince at Rangoon, which were fitted into British Submarines and aeroplanes, and used for



*The Royal Barge in which the Prince of Wales attended a Regatta at Rangoon. The wonderful illuminations were made possible by Exide batteries.*

A COMPLIMENT BY INFERENCE.

hundreds of other purposes during the war. They are the batteries that start hundreds of thousands of cars every day, from the aristocratic Rolls-Royce to the new self-starting Fords.

Among the world's famous cars which are fitted with "Exide" batteries we may mention: Wolseleys, Fiats, Chevrolets, Minervas, Buicks, and Willys Overlands.

It is probable that many motorists are not aware that their cars are equipped with these batteries. If they are not, they are indirectly paying the makers a great compliment, for their ignorance proves that they have never had to give a thought to the batteries which have done their work year after year in such a perfectly reliable manner that they have attracted no attention. We do not worry over things that are entirely efficient; it is only when they fail that we think about them. These batteries, which are doing work all over the world, are so reliable that very few people even take the trouble to wonder how they work. They act almost as infallibly as laws of nature—gravity for example. It is conceivable that we might become quite excited if gravity failed, but, as it does not, why bother? In the same way we accept these wonderful batteries, which do their work silently and unfailingly, and turn our attention to less reliable parts of our cars.

Recently it was our privilege to investigate the entire process of manufacturing Exide batteries in the works, which are the most important of their kind in this country. It was a fascinating and unforgettable experience.

We have visited many of the world's most famous factories. Each has individuality; each produces some strong impression that is remembered. In this case our most vivid recollection will be that of *happiness*.

In a world embittered by strikes and discontent, this big community of skilled workers thrives in a Utopian atmosphere. Almost the first thing we noticed was a big illuminated parchment on which were inscribed the names of employees who had served the company for twenty-five years.

We learned that it has been the custom in this firm to honour those who devote their working lives to the production of the world's best batteries. Their names and portraits are printed in the firm's own magazine, an art publication known as *The Chloride Chronicle*, one of the best of the magazines for private circulation we have seen. With the thanks of the Directorate, a cheque for £100 is presented to every worker who remains with the company for a quarter of a century.

There are many names on the long-service roll, and when we knew more

of the firm's methods it did not surprise us that the list should be lengthy.

We were shown football and cricket fields, lawn tennis courts, and a new bowling green, all provided for the workers. We saw sunny kitchens equipped with electric ovens in which meals are cooked for employees and are supplied to them at nominal cost. We learned that twice a week during the dinner hour all the staff, from directors to the latest recruits, attend

concerts in the works. There was enthusiasm here, and we found it infectious. But we were not the first to be impressed by this atmosphere of cheerfulness and the evidences of good organisation. We learned, without surprise, that officials from the Home Office have visited the works and have had photographs taken to illustrate official lectures on the management of a model factory of this type.

That is perhaps the highest compliment that could be paid to a firm.

The whole story of success could be told by quotations from letters of appreciation and thanks from Governmental departments for work done during and since the war, but some of these contain secrets which must not be made known even now. Our late enemies would have given a good deal to know some of these secrets, but, being unable to find them out, they

(Continued on page 23)



One of the shops where plate grids for Exide batteries are cast, showing the exhaust hoods through which the lead fumes are taken away by forced suction.



A corner of the battery charging department. All the batteries in the three double rows in front of the men are Exide starter batteries for a single customer.

TWO ENEMY FAILURES.



The Exide electric storage batteries were used in British submarines. They were so reliable that our late enemies, failing to discover the manufacturers' secrets,



attempted to bomb the factory, and again failed. The article explains how the reliability of Exide batteries has been attained and gives details of their manufacture.

*Reliability*

*Holland*



*Spain*



*France*

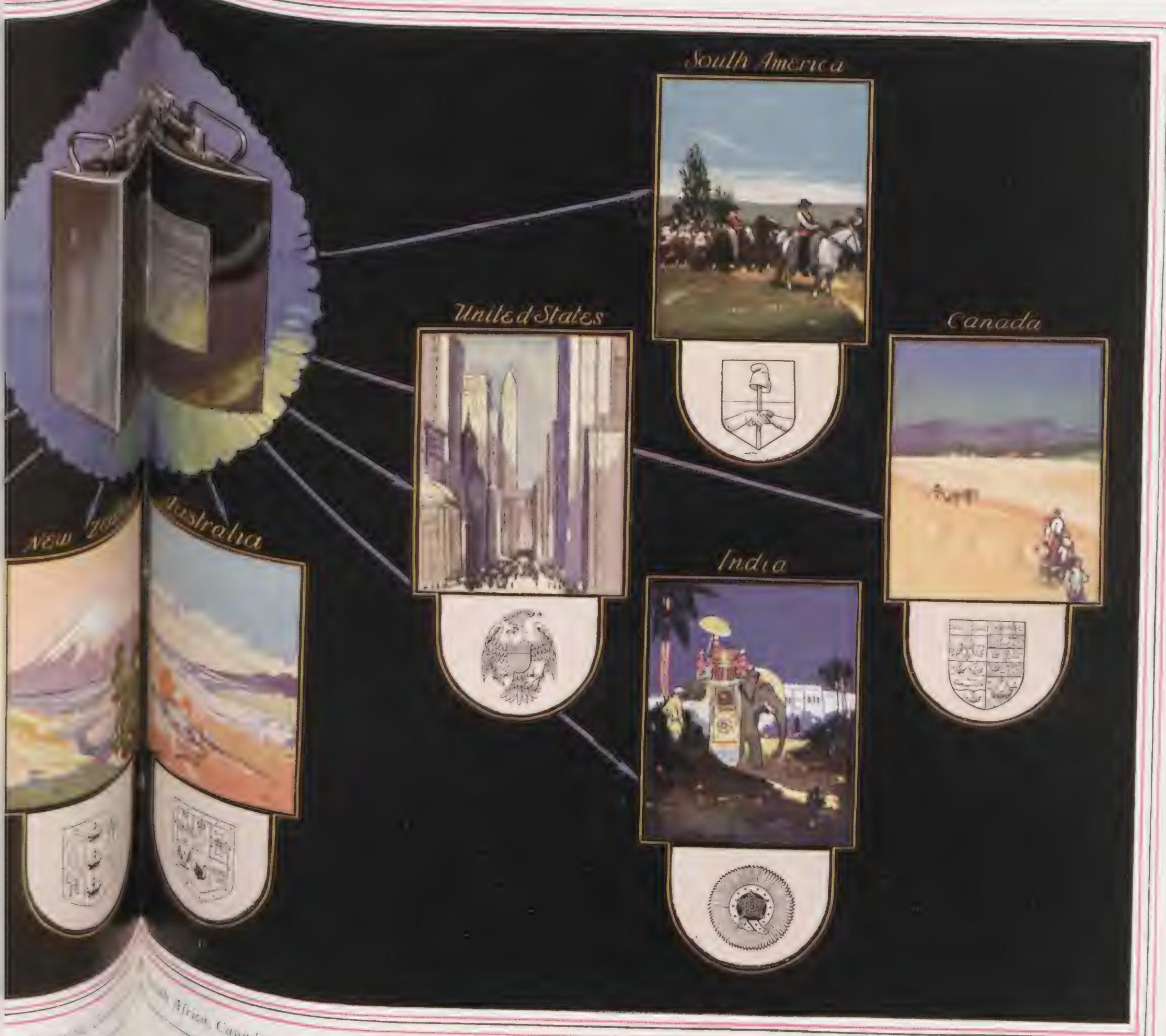


*South Africa*



*A few of the places where you may obtain Exide service free of charge. You may go direct to the Exide Distributor in your city.*

*Africa, Canada*



Africa, Canada — anywhere — and you will always find yourself within reach of Exide depots or agents.

BRUTE FORCE VERSUS SCIENCE.



*A contrast . . . The old, old ox-drawn vehicle and the latest scientific product, a car fitted with self-starting and lighting batteries.*



*The wonderful little "bottle" in which sunshine and power may be stored is as well known in India as it is in England and America.*

*Power*

## EXIDE SERVICE ALWAYS AT HAND.

*(Continued from page 18.)*

sent over a Zeppelin to drop a highly efficient bomb on the works. The bomb missed its mark, and the company smiled. They have reason to smile.

We are on safer ground when we consider the opinions of private firms with regard to the efficiency, long life and reliability of the Exide batteries. When we know that the makers of such a car as the Rolls-Royce use this brand to uphold the reputation of their vehicles, it seems hardly necessary to say more.

Two companies make the Exide batteries. One is the Chloride Electrical Storage Company, Ltd., of Great Britain, and the other the Electric Storage Battery Company of Philadelphia, U.S.A. The latter organisation, by the way, has completed an entirely new factory, in addition to their older works, for the production of starter batteries for cars. The new factory is capable of turning out the trifling number of 6,000 per day—say, roughly, 1,800,000 per annum.

The British and American batteries are precisely similar, and are interchangeable. The companies are distinct, but have been mutually helpful.

Now one of the great advantages of using batteries made by these immense organisations is this:—

You may own a British or an American car, and you may tour the

world with perfect confidence that wherever you go you can, if necessary, obtain a new battery from a specially appointed Exide agent, or can have any replacements made to your old one. Moreover, a unique service organisation has been built up. From the time you buy an Exide battery you are regarded as a friend whose interests are to be watched. In every town there is an agent who will inspect and test your batteries, and add distilled water when required, *free of charge*. In the unlikely event of any repairs being necessary, the agent will fit new parts from stock, and will make charges according to a definite schedule. You will not be charged fancy prices if you find yourself in a small town in the North of Scotland, but will have standard parts fitted and pay exactly the same sum for them as you would in London or elsewhere.

You may go all over the Continent of Europe, to India, South Africa, Australia, Canada, the United States, South America—anywhere—you will always find yourself within reach of Exide depots or agents.

It is not possible to exaggerate the value of this system of service, which is unique and has been organised by years of hard work. An Exide agent is a highly qualified specialist, not an ordinary mechanic with a smattering of electrical knowledge.

It is easy to describe a storage battery as a receptacle containing a number of lead plates immersed in acid. Inexperienced eyes glancing at the finished products might see little more. Yet those lead plates are the result of more than thirty years of experience and experiments. You must remember that the Chloride Company and the American Company have never made anything else but batteries, and that they are the largest manufacturers of them in the world. Consequently, they have had the pick of the best battery engineers and experts. Batteries have not been "side lines," but the sole reason for the existence of the two great organisations in this country and the United States of America.

In the course of years batteries have evolved from a primitive ancestor to the beautiful descendant of to-day, exactly as organic creatures have evolved by the laws of variation and the survival of the fittest.

It is only when we follow those wonderful lead plates through all the delicate processes that we begin to realise dimly the human knowledge and the struggle for perfection which they represent.

The term "plate" is really somewhat misleading. It seems to indicate a sheet of solid material. In reality the positive and negative plates of a



One of the shops where batteries for house, villa and bungalow lighting are made, showing presses of various kinds and the exhaust system.



The process of assembling the various component parts of lighting and ignition batteries in their familiar celluloid cases is accomplished by girls.

SUCCESSFUL HEALTH PRECAUTIONS.

storage battery are beautifully moulded grids of strong lead alloy, and these carry a paste of lead oxide, or little inset rosettes of pure lead. The plate itself is a framework so strong and light and of such delicate appearance that it looks more like a work of nature than of man.

We saw these being cast in great moulds surrounding witches' cauldrons filled with boiling metal. If you have never seen molten lead in mass you do not know the meaning of the word "iridescence." The metal looks like a solution of rainbows. Aglow with every colour, it is poured into an iron mould which, when opened a moment later, discloses a delicate silver tracery. Some of the plates, or grids, look so dainty that they make one think of the skeletonised leaves of plants. We examined some of them very closely, for we could hardly believe that such intricate castings could be perfect, but, though we tried, we could not find flaws.

In batteries for different purposes various types of plates are used. Some are of pure lead, the surface of which is changed to lead oxide by electrical action. Others are grids of lead and antimony which carry a paste of lead oxide. The rosette positive plate before mentioned is a honeycomb of lead alloy into each aperture of which is fitted a delicate little crinkled rose of pure lead.

We do not propose to give a severely technical description of all the varieties of batteries. To do that accurately it would be necessary to write a volume, and it could not be done without the use of chemical formulae. A storage battery is a chemical apparatus in which an electric current produces complex molecular changes. Atoms become temporarily divorced, and, in their efforts to re-unite, the forces that separated them are liberated.

When you touch the self-starter pedal of your car, billions of atoms in

your Exide battery rush into each other's arms. When the engine runs the dynamo which recharges the battery, those affectionate atoms are divorced once more. A poem might be written on the passionate attraction between atoms. It is their love for each other that rules the world.

Strange that the love of atoms should be the force that drives submarines!

Stranger that we should be sentimental over electrical storage batteries which should inspire us only with scientific enthusiasm. Let us return to practical matters.

There is one shop at the Chloride works that might be the subject of a great painting, though perhaps only Turner could have done justice to it. It is the one in which the plates are filled with oxide of lead. It is red, violently, vividly red. When we saw it the spring sunshine was making it flame. The floors were red. Scarlet tinted figures moved among blood-hued benches. It made a picture that can never be forgotten.

The workers must be guarded against lead poisoning. We have already said that the Chloride factory is regarded officially as a model of its type. This is largely due to the fact that in the whole history of the firm there has never been a serious case of this dreaded disease. This remarkable

record has only been achieved by scrupulous regard for the health of the workers. Men may be careless if they are not watched; so from morning till night they are supervised. The firm's own doctor inspects them, and periodically they undergo examinations far more severe than those required by the army. The firm even retains its own dentist.

Should a worker show the slightest symptoms of disease he is sent to a seaside home at the firm's expense, and, when he returns cured, he is engaged on different work. During his absence his family is visited by members of the staff, and the tradesmen are directed to supply them with necessities.

During the war the Air Ministry greatly desired a storage battery which would never spill acid, no matter what vibration it might be subjected to. Many experts declared that they demanded the impossible, for a battery must have a vent to allow the escape of certain gases, and through this vent liquid may be splashed. The Chloride Company devised a trap which was simple but entirely effective. An official from the Air Ministry saw a battery fitted with this device and put it to a practical test by wrapping it up in a suit of pyjamas and carrying it back to London in a handbag. Not a drop of acid was spilt, and that is how the first un-

spillable battery became known to fame. Since then it has been used in every part of the world.

Even now we feel we have only touched the fringe of our subject, but perhaps we have indicated some of the reasons for the success of one of the modern world's great industrial organisations. The Chloride Electrical Storage Company deserve that success. It is a firm of clever, conscientious and happy workers who have done honourable service in war and peace, and look forward to an even more brilliant future.



*A general view of the Chloride Electrical Storage Co.'s works at Clifton Junction, near Manchester, taken from a neighbouring hill.*



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A REVIVAL OF LUXURY CARS?

*THE CAR OF THE FUTURE.*

By A. Percy Bradley, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.A.E.

*How far is economy the principal factor in the popularity of the Light Car?*

**T**O disagree or criticise the remarks of an optimist almost amounts to a crime in these days; but perhaps when I explain that I also enrol myself under the banner of optimism, my "sin" in daring to question seriously the deductions arrived at by Captain de Normanville, in the last issue of *THE MOTOR-OWNER*, may be pardoned.

I am really astounded that anyone with his knowledge can seriously forecast a great revival for the high-powered super-luxurious automobile. The spectacles of such a prophet must be sadly distorted, and I cannot agree with his argument that the return of better times will see the return of more luxury motoring.

No doubt at the present time some of the popularity of the small car is due to its economical running and its low initial cost, but the real reason for its extraordinary appeal to the public is not derived from any question of finance. The real joy of owning a light car is not because it will cost only a few pence per mile to run, but because the small car is a vehicle that the owner can drive, tend, and repair himself. It is a real miniature motor car, capable of putting up the same, lordly limousine, and can be looked after by its owner. Therein lies the small car's popularity.

In a nutshell, it is a question of amateurism versus professionalism, and in Great Britain the former is always bound to have the greater popularity. John Smith one evening, on his return from his office, carefully greased all the working parts of his 10 h.p. Goer car; the next evening the plugs are taken out, cleaned, and re-placed, and so on until Saturday morning arrives when the exterior is dusted and polished, and the car is ready for its usual Saturday afternoon spin.

With his wife beside him, and the children in the dickey, the open road is reached. On a long medium gradient a large 40 h.p. "Ponderous" car is

steadily overhauled and passed. Although the chauffeur does not descend to pull into his left side, Smith gets past and is soon out of sight. The amateur has triumphed over the professional.

Such is the picture in the field of sport where motoring is looked upon as a pastime. The owner-driver is not only an amateur but a democrat. To-day and to-morrow belong to Democracy.

I do not wish to brush aside altogether the factor of economy. Were it not for the fact that the small car can be purchased at a figure well within the means of the average man, and can be kept on the road for a few pence per mile, we would not have the large number of small cars on the highways that we have to-day. The joy of ownership would be denied to many who at present help to keep filled to overflowing the coffers of the Ministry of Transport. But I contend that the real, inner, live longing to become the owner of a small car is the pleasure of being able to look after, as an amateur, this highly efficient piece of mechanism, and to be able to stand on an equal footing with the possessor of a princely motor carriage which requires a professional to keep its "works going round."

Even should the immediate future bring prosperous times, I do not think that the average business man is going to throw away large sums of money in order to purchase a powerful motor car when he can obtain the same service and performance from a smaller machine. No business ever flourished under such conditions. No business man will ever want to pay for the transport of a heavy dead load which is unremunerative, when the same live and profit-making cargo can be carried by the smaller-powered car.

Candidly, what are the differences between 10 h.p. and 40 h.p. cars, leaving out the question of costs? The 10 h.p. machine has put up extraordinary speeds—over 100 m.p.h. on the track; it has climbed the worst

freak hills in the country; it has come through long and strenuous trials successfully. In short, its public performances equal those of cars three times its price and perhaps four times its power. In the hands of the private owner it can hold its own and pass the average large car on the road, and it can certainly venture where the heavy machine is well advised to stay away. It will carry two, four, or sometimes five people from point to point—a load that is seldom exceeded even with a 40 h.p. car. Where, then, does the powerful car score? "As regards luxury," some one is sure to say.

If by luxury is meant more efficient suspension, I must admit the fact. However, if it is only a question of soft cushions, delicate tinted upholstery, foot warmer, etc., the small car can be made as luxurious as is wished. It is a regrettable fact to anyone, like myself, who is a small car enthusiast, that the average 10 h.p. car is not better sprung. True, the problem is a difficult one on account of the great difference between the weight of the small car with one person on board and the maximum weight with a full complement of passengers aboard. The problem, however, is not impossible to solve, for already there are several examples of really well sprung light cars, such as the small Wolseley and the 10 h.p. A.C. If the present orthodox design falls short, perhaps, we can solve the problem on the lines suggested by Captain de Normanville.

I do not wish to assert that the large car will become extinct, for there will be always a large number of people who will desire to possess the most imposing car purchasable, just in the same way as a certain proportion of travellers will be always found to patronise the first class compartments in our trains.

But the car of the future is the small car—not only because it is the economical car, but also because it is the amateur's and owner-driver's car.

WHO WAS THE FIRST INNKEEPER?

THE EVOLUTION OF THE INN.

By William Osborne.

*The story of the Inn is the story of the Road—a story full of romance and vicissitude.*

**I**T is very difficult to say who was the very first innkeeper in England. Possibly the profession had its inception in those misty times which are referred to by the late Mr. Charles Darwin when dealing with the question of our original ancestors. We can conceive it is possible that one of these forebears, having at his disposal a rather larger branch than his own immediate needs required, suggested to a friend or neighbour that he should—for a consideration of a few nuts, probably—become a tenant of the unoccupied portion of his bough.

At any rate, whatever the surmise as to the inauguration of the innkeeper's business, it is certainly the most ancient of any trade still existing; and, so soon as England emerged from the dark and early days of her beginning, the relationship of landlord and guest was established in these islands in some form or another.

We have it on the authority of historians that, during the Roman occupation of Britain, when were constructed those wonderful roads of which traces still remain in many parts of the country, along these same roads were built houses of entertainment for man and horse, which were the Roman equivalent for the old-style English wayside hostelry.

The name of these roadside places of refreshment was *diversoria* or *couponæ*. At them, food and a night's lodging were always procurable.

With the departure of the Romans and the ascendancy of the Anglo-Saxons, these disappeared, and it would seem that, for a period of two or three centuries, England was practically innless.

Probably very little journeying was done, and the need for places

of temporary abode was not experienced.

Once the country had become more or less resettled, with the arrival and spread of Christianity, another step in the evolution of the inn. Monasteries were established and flourished exceedingly all over the land, and these gradually became the resting-places for travellers and wayfarers. Those of scanty or no means were received in the name of charity; those better circumstanced were expected to leave an acknowledgment.

Anyone who has visited the ruins of any of the better known abbeys or monasteries, such as Furness, Bolton or Fountains, will be able to realise that the accommodation at the disposal of the monks of those days was by no means restricted or cramped: the sites of some take up many acres.

Yet so numerous were the occupations carried on in them, and, as the centuries moved forward, so many became the travellers, that the abbots and superiors eventually found it necessary to arrange supplementary

lodging-houses outside. These were called "inns."

The word is of Saxon origin, and at first signified a chamber, although it came later to be applied generally to a mansion, like the French word *hôtel* by which we now designate establishments catering for visitors.

In the internal arrangements of an inn of the Middle Ages there was little comfort and less privacy. A number of beds were placed in one room, and each customer purchased of the host what he required, chiefly meat, bread and beer.

In addition to the inns, there were ale-houses, but these were solely for the sale of beer, doing no victualling nor having any sleeping accommodation.

For several centuries, during which most travelling was done on horseback, the inn remained a rude wayside halting-place, lacking in comfort in almost every particular. It was the arrival of the stage-coach that brought about its transformation into a resting-place where a genial welcome, comfort and good cheer greeted the traveller, after his long day's journey. Not

that some were even then all that they might have been; for do we not read in the diary of the immortal Pepys, under a note of one of his journeys into the country, that at one of the inns at which he slept: "The beds were good, but lousy." He adds: "This made us merry." Whether a guest meeting with a similar experience to-day would feel inclined to mirth is doubtful. He would rather, probably seek an immediate interview with the management. From the same source we learn that it was a custom in those days for a visitor to an inn, when settling his account, to leave, in addition to gratuity,



The "Mermaid," a popular stopping place of historic associations at Rye.

MINE HOST'S PERPLEXITIES.

the staff, some small amount for the poor of the town.

If tradition speaks truly, an unclean bed was not the only thing a traveller had to fear in the early inn, for it is related that some went in who did not come out again. As an instance, in the village of Colnbrook, near Slough, a hostelry is pointed out in the original house of which the landlord and his wife—evidently believers in the get-rich-quick theory—concocted a little scheme by which they might consummate that idea. To their house came many rich West-country cloth merchants, on their way to London, and, for their undoing, they prepared a murder-trap in one of the upstairs bedrooms, by which the bed, which was placed above a trap-door, was tilted up in the middle of the night and its occupant shot into a large copper of boiling water, and so disposed of. It is satisfactory to learn that their little scheme was eventually discovered, and that they were hanged.

The inns of those days were often the resort, and sometimes the hiding-place, of highwaymen. That the landlord was aware of the identity of such guests is more than probable, but no doubt it paid him to keep his own counsel on the matter.

The period of the mail coach, a faster and better appointed vehicle than the stage coach and the post-chaise, saw the inn at the height of its prosperity. The scenes enacted in and around it have been pictured by many pens. Of all authors, Charles Dickens probably found most joy in

describing them. He fairly revelled in the subject, and one can suggest no better means of getting some idea of the atmosphere of the real old English hostelry at its best than a perusal of those of his writings in which he gives such intimate sketches of inn life—sketches so vivid that one almost feels one's self a partaker in the incident depicted. A scene in *David Copperfield*—once staged by the late Sir Herbert Tree, at His Majesty's Theatre—gave a delightful suggestion of a hotel coffee-room of the early Victorian period.

In London the starting place of most of the mail coaches was some well-known and popular hostelry. To mention one or two, "The Golden Cross," situated, not on the site of the present house of that name, but where Nelson's monument now is, was perhaps the best known in the West End. Another was the "Bull and Mouth," Piccadilly, which occupied a site adjoining the Criterion Theatre. From here started the coaches for the West of England. Still another hostelry was the "Gloucester Coffee House," at the Piccadilly end of Berkeley Street.

In these days of hôtels-de-luxe, we are rather apt to look down on the innkeeper of the bygone period of powder and patches, mail-coaches and post-chaises, but that he had to be no fool at his business a little reflection will soon show us. His inn was the halting place of all who travelled in those days; thus, he had to cater for all degrees and to study

the taste of each. His guests arrived at any time of the day or night.

When we learn that as many as forty or more coaches would deposit their load of passengers at his door in one day, besides innumerable private chaises, and remember that his guests might include dukes, Cabinet Ministers and the like, down to the humble commercial traveller, all whose wants required to be expeditiously met—we may consider that he had to have at his command considerable powers of organisation.

There would be one large general coffee-room where many of the guests would eat together, but in addition there were a number of suites of private apartments where the aristocracy was served separately.

Besides his responsibilities inside the inn, the host had also to supervise a large stabling establishment. To gauge his duties in this connection it is sufficient to mention that many of the larger inns had accommodation for 70 or 80 horses.

The story of the inn marched, for some time, so much side by side with that of the mail-coach that just a word or two as to the conditions of travel by the latter may not be out of place.

Some idea of what our immediate ancestors had to endure when travelling may be gathered from the story told of a West-country coach which had, on one occasion, to be abandoned in a snowdrift, some miles from London, with three outside passengers dead of cold, and others suffering from frostbite.



On the left, the ancient Star, with its quaint figurehead, at Alfriston. On the right, the Ostrich, which passes almost unnoticed in the narrow street of Colnbrook.

# T W O      C H A R M I N G      F A M I

*Lady Hankey and her children, taken by Miss Compton Collier at Highstead, Limpsfield. Lady Hankey is the daughter of Mr. Abraham de Smidt, formerly Surveyor-General of Cape Colony, and the wife of Lt.-Col. Sir Maurice Hankey, G.C.B.*



M I N I F A M I L Y G R O U P S.

*The Hon. Mrs. Henry Mulholland and her children at Bagnor Manor, Newbury. Her husband, who is Lord Dunleath's second son, was elected member for County Down in the Parliament of Northern Ireland last year. This photograph is also by Miss Collier.*



## LEARNING TO DRIVE.

*Our correspondent is at a "dead end." Perhaps some others of our readers can suggest a means whereby the road experience necessary to the education of a competent driver may be gained—and gained without risk.*

SIR.—I am writing to you because I am very much bothered, but I doubt if you or anyone else can help me. At the same time, I am probably not alone in my trouble, and possibly some of your readers have been more ingenious in finding a solution to the problem.

Briefly, the trouble is this: I have been driving for more years than I care to remember, and I undertook recently to teach my wife to control a car. She took to it like a duck to water—picked up all the necessary knowledge of the mechanical principles with really astounding ease, changes gear quite nicely and is perfectly safe at the wheel—enjoys it, in fact—*so long as there is not another vehicle in sight.*

Now, I ask you, what am I to do about it? There is not the slightest use in sending her to a motoring school; they could not teach her more than I can myself, for one thing, and, for another, she knows all that is immediately necessary already. All she wants is practice—and that she is more likely to get out on country roads with me than at any motoring school. The trouble is that there are no country roads nowadays; anyway, I can't find 'em! Only on one occasion have we been successful in getting a real good run when she did not have to hand over the wheel at all. I was delighted with her progress, and was seeing visions of myself comfortably snoozing in the back of the car after lunch while my wife carried on at the wheel, but alas that was several months ago, and there honestly has not been another safe opportunity—although we have been out a good deal—of practice. On a friend's recommendation, we tried Richmond Park one Sunday—nice hill for practising gear changing and braking, and plenty of corners, he said. There are; but have you driven in Richmond Park on a fine Sunday, even in winter? It was worse than the main road!

There is only one thing that I can see to do—take the car away into the wilds of Scotland or some such place

and make my wife stick at it—I do not think it would be a long job—until she feels safe to face the traffic. Incidentally, I have tried Brooklands (in case any reader suggests it). The difficulty there is that there is nearly always at least one racing car practising, and apart from the uneasy feeling when one knows that one is being overtaken by a car travelling at a hundred miles an hour, one hesitates to cause the racing men the slightest uncertainty such as they might feel at the sight of a car touring round the track in charge of a learner of either sex—one can always tell a learner, somehow, probably from the watchful attitude of her companion more than anything else.

It strikes me as rather curious that although I know perfectly well that my wife is not competent to drive a car, say from Ealing to your office in Covent Garden, legally she is perfectly entitled to do so, since she naturally holds a driving licence. Every learner drives dangerously at times, so I suppose the "common danger" clause operates; but how, anyway, is one to acquire the necessary road experience without ever committing a breach of the law in this respect?

The position, it seems to me, becomes more difficult every day. Personally, I learnt to drive when there was very little else of about one's own weight on the road to worry about. But I shall never forget the first time I took a car through the London traffic, from Piccadilly over Westminster Bridge and right down through Peckham to the Hastings road. The clutch was particularly fierce—it would be, of course!—and I expect I left about a hundred yards clearance between myself and the next vehicle in front—which would be rather awkward at the junction of tram lines on the south side of the bridge. That was my first experience of the meaning of the expression "a cold sweat," and my recollection makes me more than tolerant, and perhaps even a little nervous personally, so far as my wife is concerned. I honestly believe that

if it were really vital that she should drive the car even over that same journey, somehow she would do it. But I naturally don't want her to take the slightest risk. I expect it is this, as largely as anything, that is at the root of the matter—that I am looking for about five miles of broad, straight road, guaranteed clear of all other traffic, for her to practise on, and in so doing fail to notice plenty of opportunities where there is no real risk. I have come to one definite and irrevocable conclusion, anyway, and that is that if ever I teach anyone to drive in the future, they'll have to be total strangers—it is bad enough to have to worry about one's own skin!

However, enough of my troubles—say they are my own fault, if you like. But in regard to learners in general, it is a common belief that only a small car should be used for the purpose—and that the older and more decrepit it is, the better, in that the damage caused by the novice will not be so great. I am convinced that this is all wrong. The damage done to the old, small car will be infinitely greater in proportion than if a modern, fairly powerful car were used, since in the latter case there is no reason why any damage at all should be done, while in the former the novice is much more likely than not to finish the ruin that Anno Domini has begun. Apart from that, though, I would much rather teach on a Rolls-Royce, say, than an 8 h.p. cycle car. The driving is infinitely easier within the range of speed likely to be attempted by a novice, and the feeling of unlimited power and delicate, exact control of the first-class large car inspires that feeling of confidence that is really half the battle. I do not altogether deprecate the use of a small, old car if it is more convenient to do so; and there is just this one advantage, that, having become perfectly competent to manage the little beast, the novice can tackle pretty nearly anything on four wheels.—Yours, etc.,

DOCENDO DISCITUR.

THE LOVERS UNITED.

MARRIAGE IN "QUALITY STREET."



Three charming studies of Fay Compton, whose marriage with Leon Quatermaine took place recently. The happy pair, who are playing together in the revival of

Sir J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street" at the Haymarket, will ever be remembered for their acting as the lovers in "Mary Rose" and "The Circle" at the same theatre.

EDUCATION AND ENJOYMENT.

## THE VALUE OF TRAVEL.

*The writer, in view of the fact that the possession of intelligence and the means of locomotion make man a superior animal, holds that he who does not make the fullest possible use of these attributes is simply a superior vegetable. Education, he says, is necessary to enjoyment, and travel is essential to education.*

ONE is told, on the one hand, that travel broadeneth the mind ; and, on the other, that one should see one's own country first—and learn to know thoroughly one's own county even earlier. Both counsels cannot be correct. Personally, I take the broad view. To learn to know one's own county is probably a matter of years ; to learn to know the whole country equally thoroughly is a matter of impossibility in a single lifetime, leaving no time at all to see other lands. And into all learning must enter the ability to compare, else is it of little use. How, for instance, can one appreciate Devonshire unless one knows Lincolnshire ; how, conversely, appreciate the quaintness of Holland unless one has looked upon the grandeur of Switzerland ?

The motor car, of course, has upset our old notions of travel, and it is very possible for one to know superficially one's own country and yet to miss an historically or artistically interesting spot a bare mile or so from one's door. I can imagine a man living at Stratford-on-Avon, for instance, who has never seen Shakespeare's birthplace. I can imagine myself travelling quite a number of miles out of my way to avoid it—but no matter. So the motorist in Exeter probably knows the network of lanes about Chertsey better than the Londoner—who most likely specialises in the byways of Dartmoor.

Travel, of course, when all is said and done, is bound to be superficial. Americans who used to reckon upon "doing" Europe in a month's visit were held up to ridicule quite unreasonably, for do we not tackle a 1,000 mile motor tour in Scotland in a fortnight and consider thereafter that we know that rugged land ? Having driven over the Grampians, seen "a window in Thrums," had salmon fresh from the loch at Tarbet, and maybe climbed Ben Nevis—even we may have looked across to Skye from Oban, or to Mull from Gairloch—that is not to know Scotland.

No ; but it has given us a very sound idea of the characteristics of the country—an idea that is dependent for its comprehensiveness upon our own capabilities for observation, and still more upon the fund of memories of previous experiences, upon which we are able to draw for comparative purposes. A Dutchman who had never before left Holland and was transported blindfold to Fort William would receive a different impression of Ben Nevis from that of the traveller newly returned from the Himalayas, *via*, incidentally, the Simplon tunnel.

So I say that the more one travels and the farther afield one ventures the greater is the value of travel as an educational medium—and there is not the slightest blame attaching to the man who dashes off to Tokio at a moment's notice, *via* New York and San Francisco, and yet knows not that there is a church immediately behind the Bear at Esher, or has never seen the Rufus stone.

But to describe travel as an educational medium has an unpleasant sound, for the beauty of it is that one absorbs knowledge as the soil absorbs moisture—naturally and automatically. One is even of the opinion that one is having the time of one's life—what time one is, to all intents and purposes, at school !

And mention of school leads one to think frankly and openly of travel from the educational point of view. What effect, if any, has the spread of automobilism had upon the geographical and historical knowledge of the thousands of children who have toured the country since their infancy ? Is it not reasonable to suppose that their teachers have a much easier task to implant facts and dates into the little brains that have, from travel, found a purpose and an interest in those hitherto hated subjects ?

"William the Conqueror, 1066 ; William II., 1087 . . ." and so on has a new meaning to the child who has travelled to Hastings *via* Battle, and sojourned in the New Forest ; and

King John and the Magna Charta are a lot more real to the little one who knows the way across Runnymede.

How much more valuable, therefore, must be real travel than mere reading ? The homeland, after all, looks after itself ; if one has a car one cannot help but get to know it. But to travel far afield requires an effort—the farther, the greater effort, and the greater value, to my way of thinking.

Travel in itself is directly beneficial, since for the most part it is enjoyable, but the value of it, to me, lies even more in its indirect results. To have travelled increases one's appreciation of many of the good things of life. What, for instance, is better at the right time than a good book ? We have all enjoyed *The Last Days of Pompeii*, probably ; but should we not have enjoyed it still more if we had visited the spot before, instead of after, the reading ? Is not *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* an even more vital novel to one who knows the ground ; is not the interest of Ancient Egypt still more enthralling to one who has rested on the calm bosom of Mother Nile ; does not even the Holy Land have a more intimate meaning ; is not understanding of the turbulence of the Balkan States more easy ; does not one realise more readily how it is that the Southern races are languorous and fiery and Northerners hardy, even stolid—when one has seen these different lands ?

The fact of the matter is that although we are mostly monolingualistic, education is of all countries and all times, and appreciation and enjoyment of life is largely a matter of education. If we wish to extract the ~~utmost~~ savour from this short life of ours it is necessary to educate ourselves, and the kind of education required is impossible of attainment without travel. Man is a superior animal because he possesses intelligence and means of locomotion. If he fails to make use of these attributes and remains rooted in the soil of his own country, one must look upon him as a superior—vegetable. E.G.B.





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A R E A L A L L - W E A T H E R C A R.

*The 15·9 h.p. Arrol-Johnston, in which comfort and silence are the outstanding features.*

**A**LL weather" is a somewhat elastic description as applied to automobile bodies. It appears to be used to include anything from an ordinary touring car with complete side-curtain protection up to a coupé-cabriolet. There is a happy medium, however, and this has been very fortunately arrived at in the standard all-weather coachwork of the latest 15·9 h.p. Arrol-Johnston car. The bodywork is slightly on the heavy side, one would imagine, but it is not much for the engine, as we proved in the course of nearly three hundred miles of running, mostly with a load of six passengers.

The only noticeable effect of the combined heavy load was in perhaps somewhat deadening the acceleration on top gear and in taking off a little of the car's top-speed hill-climbing powers. This, however, was not sufficiently marked to be serious, especially as, on the lower gears, the engine proved to have ample "pick up" and the gears themselves are unusually easy to change, either up or down.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of the car is its comfort, from every point

of view. The excellent springing and proportioning of weight throughout the chassis has the effect of making the car hold the road well, and the steering reaps the benefit, apart from its lightness and the additional advantage of a large wheel. The braking also is good, especially so far as the hand control is concerned. The lever is conveniently long and well placed, thus neutralising our criticism that the pedal brake is a little heavier to operate than is altogether necessary.

The body is furnished with a single extra wide door, access to the back seats being gained by tipping the front passenger's seat forward. This as well as the driver's seat is equipped with arms. Most sliding seats that we have used have required quite a considerable effort to operate, but an admirable point of the Arrol-Johnston driving seat was the remarkable ease of adjustment. The feeling was more that of a roller skate; in fact, we should judge that the seat must be mounted on balls or rollers.

A simple but most useful fitting is a shelf on the dash beneath the instrument board which is particularly to be appreciated in view of the

absence of side pockets in the front. The all-weather top is reasonably easy to erect and more easy still to lower, and in either position efficiently fulfils its purpose. There is a pleasing absence of rattle—a bad and common fault of earlier folding tops which, however, is gradually disappearing—and we noticed more particularly still that what little sound there is from the engine is not transformed into an oppressive drumming when the car is completely closed.

The Arrol-Johnston, or anyway this particular example, is not by any means a fast car—and by this we are not suggesting that it should be, for with bodywork of this type one appreciates comfort, silence and smooth running, together with the ability to put up a steady, all-day average rather than extreme speeds. All these desirable qualities the Arrol-Johnston certainly possesses, and we regard it as very nearly an ideal "family bus," although perhaps the theoretical seating capacity is a little limited for this purpose, which is easy to drive and reasonably economical to run, the consumption being better than 20 miles per gallon.



*A shelf beneath the instrument board is a convenient receptacle for maps and small parcels.*



*The single wide door and the tipping front seat render access to the rear of the car easy.*

## THE MYSTERIOUS AUTOVAC.

*A Few Simple Precautions and an Explanation.*

THERE has probably never been a proprietary automobile accessory that has jumped into the instant and universal popularity that greeted the introduction of the Autovac. It is used on very nearly every make of car. And yet not one owner in ten knows how the system works, while not one in a hundred understands more than the mere principle. The Autovac gives trouble so very infrequently that users of the system do not think it worth while to find out just what parts can go wrong, or what means can be taken to put the system in working order again. The result is that if this very simple apparatus *does*, through mischance or neglect, give trouble, the average owner is completely at a loss.

Let us, therefore, examine the interior here, on paper, so that we can find out all about it without the slightest risk of damaging the mechanism. There are one or two things that should be said, however, before we start pulling the Autovac to pieces. In the first place, if one should, some day, get stranded with a vacuum tank that "goes off its feed," there is no need to have the car towed behind a horse to the nearest garage. Just undo the screws holding down the cover, carefully remove the latter, and take out all the contents. You have then just a plain gravity tank, holding roughly a quart of petrol. Fill this from the spare can, and you will be able to run five miles or so, when, if necessary, the tank can be refilled again at a cost of a couple of minutes' delay.

But we want you never to need such a desperate, if simple, remedy; and if you periodically undo the nut holding the three-way clamp in the centre of the cover, gently tap the petrol connection free from its tapered seating and clean the little conical gauze filter which will be disclosed, you are not likely to get into trouble—especially if you add the further precaution of running off a little petrol from the drain-cock in the base of the tank.

The spirit, you will find, will be simply filthy to start with, but in a couple of seconds will run clear. Also you should periodically clear the holes in the air vent on the top of the apparatus and the passage in the filler cap of the main petrol tank. The latter sometimes gets choked with mud, the former with oil and flies—and both must be kept absolutely free. There is, otherwise, apart from the fact that the engine will stop from lack of petrol, a risk of collapsing—the opposite of bursting—the main tank from excessive reduction of pressure.

Now let us see how this mysterious accessory works. It consists of two tanks, the inner one being air—and, of course, vacuum—tight. A by-pass from the engine induction pipe, containing a non-return valve, transfers to the tank a little of the depression created in the induction pipe on the inlet stroke of each piston. This depression simply sucks up petrol through the second pipe leading into the top of the Autovac—the one containing the little filter mentioned above—from the main petrol tank at the rear of the car. Now we come to the really ingenious part of the apparatus—a mechanism not unlike the float chamber of the carburetter, which maintains a regular flow of petrol to the jets. As the petrol rises in the inner tank of the Autovac it causes a float to rise which at a certain point releases the vacuum, thereby allowing a small drop valve to open and let the petrol run into the outer chamber, from which it feeds directly by gravity to the carburetter. Immediately the level of liquid in the inner chamber falls, the float drops, closes the outlet valve, restores the vacuum and the feed from the main tank; the float rises again, cuts off the supply—and so on through the cycle. All this happens so quickly, of course, that after the engine has been running a moment or so there is a constant head of petrol in the outer tank, ensuring a regular supply to the carburetter.

There is really nothing to go wrong,

for the wear on the joints of the various little levers is negligible. But if by accident you run the Autovac dry—don't, if you can help it, but everyone misjudges the amount of petrol in the tank sometimes—you must not expect the engine to start at the first pull up of the handle or depression of the starter button. You have to pump up petrol from the main tank to the Autovac before you can flood the carburetter; half a dozen revolutions of the engine, either by hand or by the starter, will create the necessary vacuum, and in a moment or so the petrol will reach the carburetter. The action, however, is not instantaneous, and no earthly purpose is gained by keeping the engine turning over all the time. If the petrol starts long in coming, give the engine another pull up—and that is usually sufficient. Sometimes, if the base of the vacuum tank needs draining, a bit of grit may be holding the drop valve open, so if the Autovac is still obdurate, loosen the petrol connection at the top and pour in half a pint of petrol. This will wash the valve clean and run through to the carburetter. The engine can then be started, and no further trouble is likely to be experienced. On reaching the motor house, however, it is as well to open up the Autovac, swill it out thoroughly, and scrape the surface of the drop valve clean—taking care, of course, not to strain any of the little levers, and, on replacing the cover, to make a sound joint.

If the car has been standing unused and dry of petrol for several days, it is probably better not to attempt to make the Autovac do its own pumping to start with, since all its valves and the spindles of the levers will be dry. Fill the main petrol tank, but save half-a-pint to pour through the petrol inlet of the Autovac—as in the case mentioned above, when it was necessary to flush the drop-valve. This little precaution may save a lot of worry and, so far as engine-starting is concerned, labour of electric current.

—FROM PEN AND LENS.

THE AUTOVAC DISMANTLED.



The principle of the Autovac should be easy to grasp from the explanation on the previous page, aided by these photographs. In the upper picture, on the left, is seen the cover which, when removed, has the float attached to it. In the centre is the inner chamber with the vacuum-governed drop-valve; and on the right the outer, or gravity, chamber which may be filled by hand in emergencies. Below, left, is a top view of the tank. A is the petrol inlet which, when removed, discloses the tiny filter—the one part of the apparatus requiring frequent attention. B is the air vent, liable to be stopped by flies—removable with a needle, as in the right-hand picture; and C is the vacuum connection to the inlet pipe.



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THE BEGINNING OF IT ALL.

“WE ARE TWISSE.”

By Noël Coward.

*Mysterious things do happen, but it is usually possible to explain them away.*

“IT’S all very fine to be superior and jeer about Spiritualism,” said Natalie, “but there’s no getting away from the fact that the most mysterious things do happen. Take the case of poor Lady Warple for instance.”

“I know she’s been ill,” I said, “but I thought it was just nervous breakdown or something.”

“Breakdown it *certainly* was,” said Natalie with relish. “I know the true story, as I was there when the whole thing happened.”

“What whole thing?”

“Well, if you’ll promise not to breathe a word I’ll tell you. Naturally, the Warple family are trying to hush it up, but still, Violet said something quite damnable to Patricia Lethbridge the other day about my new jet rock being an open question, so I haven’t as many scruples as I had.”

“Fire away,” I said. “I’ll tell everybody I know. I can’t do more!”

Natalie laughed. “Well, about a month ago I went down to the Warples for the week end—I was at school with Cynthia, so I’m always included in the duller house parties. The family, as you know, consists of Violet and Cynthia—unmarried; Monica, married—to that dreadful little clergyman—and George, who is in the Navy and does nothing but drink cocktails and read Socialistic propaganda because he thinks it’s advanced. As I told Cynthia, if only the poor dear realised it, that sort of thing is becoming almost as démodé as Gilbert and Sullivan, which is saying a lot. Anyhow, outside the family there were—luckily—only Sylvia Dermott and Reggie Whistler, who’s a dear with a great sense of humour. You know that Lady Warple has always—even in the face of a largish family—contrived to keep her natural dignity unshaken. Reggie says he thinks she even goes on being ‘Grande Dame’ in the bath. Well, for the past year her otherwise aggressively normal mind has been completely obsessed with Spiritualism

and everything psychic. The house is filled with tiresome little books by Oliver Lodge, and any newspaper article by poor Conan Doyle is read aloud with gloating enjoyment.

“At dinner on the Saturday evening we were all arguing over the possibility of alien spirits entering into possession of people suddenly. I said I was sure they did, because Sophie Flotch was behaving in such a peculiar way at the Embassy the other night—I said she was probably being possessed by an emu, or something equally unbecoming. Then they accused me of being flippant, and said that it was a very serious subject and not to be jested about.

“After dinner we all sat round in the library and tried individually to work up a thoroughly eerie and unsettling atmosphere. Lady Warple did a little table turning with Sylvia Dermott and Violet, but without any appreciable result. Then she produced the inevitable Ouija board. I seemed doomed to Ouija boards—do you remember that awful week-end at Julia Branche’s? This time it didn’t say very much except ‘What weather!’ and ‘Bow wow!’ repeatedly, which puzzled everyone a lot, and eventually, when we were all preparing to give the thing up as hopeless, we discovered that Lady Warple was in a trance! A real genuine trance! Then, of course, everyone became seriously excited. Reggie said the only way to bring her to was to burn feathers, so he set alight to one of the best brocade cushions—which was great fun. Monica’s husband, the miserable little vicar, went on in an awful way about Spiritualism being sacrilegious, until Cynthia sent him out of the room to get some brandy. Presently, when I was really beginning to get rather apprehensive and seeing visions of us all being dragged in to an appalling coroner’s inquest—the old lady opened her eyes and became quite natural and very cross—especially over the brocade cushion. We all breathed a sigh of relief. She firmly refused to believe

that she’d been in a trance, and nobody persisted about it for fear of sending her off into another.

“About half an hour later, when we were all beginning to get the usual ‘before bed’ fidgets, George went to the window and said quite ordinarily, ‘More sleet—what foul weather we’re having.’ My dear, suddenly, without the slightest warning, Lady Warple leapt from her chair and commenced to career round the room on all fours, making dreadful growling noises and trying to bite our legs. I quickly jumped on to the writing table out of harm’s way—it really was a horrible moment. The family were quite justifiably petrified; even Reggie Whistler looked a little scared, but he had the presence of mind to pat the old lady’s head and say ‘Down sir, down!’ in more or less soothing tones.

“Well, she went on being distressingly canine for about ten minutes, then she suddenly jumped back into her chair, came to herself, and asked for her crochet! Violet and Monica took her up to bed, protesting—she obviously hadn’t the faintest idea what she’d been doing!

“We all sat round the fire with pale and stricken faces.

“‘I’m afraid there’s not the slightest doubt that she’s possessed,’ said George, somewhat fatuously.

“‘There’s also no doubt that her possessive spirit is a dog,’ said Reggie, with a pensive expression. ‘And I think it’s a bull terrier,’ he added, inconsequently.

“‘Surely,’ cried Cynthia, with some heat, ‘This is hardly the moment to discuss the breed.’

“‘It’s much better to be accurate,’ went on Reggie, ‘then we shall know what to say to the authorities.’

“I kicked him sharply on the ankle, but it was too late. Cynthia burst into hysterical tears.

“‘You mean—you mean—poor mother—’

“I came to the rescue. ‘Reggie doesn’t mean anything at all,’ I said. ‘There isn’t the slightest necessity to

## A SUDDEN SHOCK.

tell anybody about this. The only thing to do is to try to keep off the subject of the weather as much as possible when your mother is in the room.'

"Of course"—George spoke with great excitement—"that was what the Ouija board meant when it said "What weather!" and "Bow wow!"

"Well," went on Natalie, "Sylvia Dermott, Reggie Whistler and I returned to town the next day, and I heard nothing more about the Warbles until a fortnight later, when I received a wire: 'Come at once—your presence is absolutely necessary.' With highly commendable unselfishness I put off Bridget Steere and John Morley-Cavan, who were coming to stay with me, and got myself into the train for Langton. When I arrived I found the same house-party as before assembled round the dinner table, with the addition of a peculiar-looking man with a

low collar and an aggressive Adam's apple. Cynthia took me aside and whispered that it was Doctor Twickenham, the celebrated psycho-analyst. Lady Warble seemed quite normal, and behaved in her usual slightly austere and dignified manner. She went to bed early and we were all beckoned into the billiard room by George. When we were all in, the doctor closed the door and explained at great length and with a wealth of technical detail the unfortunate canine obsession of Lady Warble. '—And,' he finished up, 'the only possible cure is a sudden shock. I have worked it out psychologically. Therefore, to-morrow afternoon at tea, when I say "Bow wow!" you must all instantly emulate the manners and habits of dogs, making as much noise as you can. The unexpected sound of everybody barking and growling will undoubtedly restore the poor lady's mind to its normal condition, and the

canine complex will, by sheer force of concentrated suggestion, be completely exorcised.'

"We all went to bed in a slightly dubious state of mind, with the exception of Reggie Whistler, who seemed tactlessly cheerful. I was exceedingly thankful that I had had the forethought to bring down old clothes.

"The depression of breakfast the next morning was only equalled by the funereal gloom of lunch. At tea-time everyone became slightly giggly and hysterical. Lady Warble herself was completely oblivious to any atmospheric electricity—she was intent on knitting a pair of bed socks for an impending sale of work.

"I heard Reggie Whistler beseeching the Doctor, in a hoarse whisper, not to say 'Bow wow!' until after the hot cakes had been eaten. Reggie loves hot cakes. At last, when it really felt as though everyone were

*"... making dreadful growling noises, and trying to bite our legs!"*



## THE SHOCKING FINALE.

about to burst from repressed excitement, the Doctor blew his nose loudly and said 'Bow wow!' in scholarly tones. We all went at it with a will! Monica and her husband retired to the window seat and crouched there, whining dismally; George and Sylvia Dermott chased one another round the room on all fours, barking furiously. Violet and Cynthia—with what I thought showed great imagination—worried a mythical bone on the hearth rug. Reggie gave me one look, and I knew we were going to enjoy ourselves; he made a dive at the tablecloth with his teeth and pulled everything to the ground; then he and I nozzleed the cakes along the carpet with our noses. It's a divine feeling to lose all control, especially in a good cause.

"Lady Warple regarded us in polite amazement for a moment, and then, much to everyone's surprise, burst out laughing. 'Absurd crea-

tures,' she said, placidly, and went on with her knitting, apparently under the impression that it was all a carefully rehearsed practical joke. After that the whole affair fell rather flat. We all wore ourselves out and crawled into the hall, where we resumed our normal positions and went upstairs to take aspirin.

"After dinner that night the Doctor took us all aside and thanked us warmly.

"She is now completely cured," he said, 'thanks to your wonderful efforts. You were perfectly splendid.'

"And was she cured?" I asked.

Natalie shook her head sadly. "This is where the tragedy comes in," she said. "Apparently the poor Doctor decided to stay on for a few days, just to make one or two psycho-analytical tests, and to ascertain if she really was progressing favourably. As far as I can

gather, it was on the Tuesday at about three o'clock, when he was alone with her in the drawing-room, that he mentioned the weather quite by accident—I think he said that a thaw had set in, or something quite harmless like that. Immediately, before he could either defend himself or call for help, the old lady flew at his throat and got him on the floor, where she proceeded to worry him to death like a rat! Reggie was dreadfully callous about it. He said it served him right for wearing such low collars."

"But, Natalie, how on earth did they explain it away? You can't go about biting psycho-analysts to death, without *something* being said?"

Natalie shrugged her shoulders. "They had an inquest," she replied, "and everyone agreed unanimously that Jock, their bull-terrier, would have to be painlessly destroyed!"

... Before he could defend himself, the old lady flew at his throat."



## ONE WONDERS!

## CONCERNING SPIRITS AND SPOOF.

One seldom remains in any circle nowadays without finding a tendency for the conversation to turn to what is broadly termed spiritualism. Here is an everyday, inexpert statement of opinion by one who is deterred from going further into the subject, we should say, from fear of ridicule. Or is the merry poltergeist the trouble?

**A**RE there any witches nowadays, or are the happenings which used to earn a ducking and worse penalties for oft harmless old ladies, now accepted as mere coincidences? I would not like to say. Perhaps occurrences which were once put down as the work of witches, or were called hauntings, miracles, and so forth, are nowadays capable of explanation. A man who flew in the air would have been dubbed a wizard certainly, as would another who made his voice heard over great distances with neither pipe nor wire. Yet these things are the commonplaces of to-day; but faith cures and—by some folks—spirit manifestations are still regarded as supernatural. One may, of course, go too far in either direction: Say that anything inexplicable is supernatural, or, on the other hand, that anything unexplained is normal except in that it lacks explanation.

Is it possible to arrive at a medium point of view that is not baldly incredulous of everything not understood and yet is not stupidly credulous? Supposing I state the view best expressed by saying that nothing is impossible merely because one does not know how to do it, that even the most outrageous "manifestations" are not necessarily fakes, and equally not necessarily supernatural? If you will not accept this view, you practically argue that everything you do not understand is supernatural. But you would laugh at a child of five (who could not read) for regarding the pleasure you derive from the evening paper as uncanny. You laugh at the bushman who runs for dear life the first time he hears a human voice issuing from a small wooden box—or at least you used to before these days, when no kraal or wigwam is complete without a gramophone. You laugh; and you enlighten their ignorance.

Is it not possible that spirit manifestations are uncanny to you merely because there is no one to give you enlightenment? I think that in a few years, decades—or centuries—we shall

know more about it. By the time we know all there is to know probably the world will have come to an end, and the same dissolution of ignorance will have about reached the present stage of Terra on some other planet. Perhaps they will not have got so far; they may still be burning witches.

I have never been to a *séance*, and I don't propose to go to one, because I am perfectly sure that I could never bring myself to believe in the absolute *bona fides* of the—entertainment, does one not call it? I must believe, however, in the possibility of the happenings at the *séances* I have read about. The difficulty is that the same effects can be obtained by admitted "conjuring" tricks—tambourine rattlings and even apparent materialisations—or so, at least, I understand Mr. Devant to claim. That would be my trouble. And yet, although I know I would be most difficult to convince of the absence of "fake," surely there must be something in it all; men like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge cannot be so easily hoodwinked as some would have us believe.

A familiar argument against spiritualism in any shape or form strikes me as particularly weak. "If you really believe," people will say, "that you are in communication with the spirits of the departed, how can you believe that they would play the fool as they are supposed to?" A possible answer by analogy is that we telegraphed before we could telephone; that we do still, for practical purposes, with wireless. Are the tappings of the Morse code any less absurd and childish than the "two for Yes, three for No," of the rocking table?

If telephony, with or without wires, were a perfected means of communication, we should doubtless scrap our "tappings"; if we and the spirits had advanced further in the matter of intercommunication between the two planes, undoubtedly we should use a more efficient means. People seem to have an idea that when a person casts the shackles of this earth he ought

immediately to become omnipotent and omniscient. These, however—and I say it with all reverence—are the attributes of God alone; one is forced, since all the religions of the world agree upon this one point, to believe that there are degrees in the after-life, and if we admit that a spirit can be comparatively subordinate and comparatively ignorant, it is not too much to suppose that they on their side, want, but do not quite know how, to get into communication with us. The means of communication will improve as knowledge increases, just as we are improving our wireless for earth communication.

Table rocking is the only form of "spiritualism" that I have indulged in—and I am told that, if there is any explanation at all, animal magnetism meets the case. I cannot admit it; and as for fake, I have taken the most elaborate precautions—by making first one person even remotely open to suspicion, and then another, leave the table. On one occasion there were three of us left. I made sure, in the fairly ample light, that there was no skilful footwork, although such a thing, from the extent to which the table was rocking, was difficult, if not impossible. I lifted my own hands, and made the others do the same, until my finger tips were barely touching the surface—and still the table kept on rocking. How is one to account for it?

I admit that this is comparatively trivial; but it is, apparently, unexplainable, and consequently is entitled to be regarded as a manifestation of some force or other beyond question. It may be the kindergartens endeavours of those on another plane to get into touch with that which they have left, or it may not, but at least I can say that I have known some peculiarly accurate replies given to questions not expressed by word or act by a person not even sitting at the table. Thought transference? Well, that is a subject upon which we are almost equally ignorant, anyway.

C. H. E.



## Spring

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THE COMPETITION SEASON.

*A* G R E A T S P O R T I N G R E V I V A L.

*Many Important Automobile Events at Home and Abroad.*

**I**T is not every user of a motor-car who is interested in the sporting side of the pastime, and some of us are inclined to quote the analogy of cycling in support of the view that interest in competitions is declining gradually to vanishing point. Doubtless, in the long run, this is true enough; but the decline is very gradual. One has only to glance through the list of fixtures, either British in particular or European in general, for the current season, to see how far from "dead" is motoring sport at the moment. Elsewhere in these pages we give a detailed fixture list, so that it is not necessary now to go through it point by point. There are a few competitions, however, which are worthy of fuller treatment—such, for instance, as the Motor Cycling Club's London to Land's End reliability run on Easter Saturday. This is a particularly hardy annual in which one sees the same competitors year after year—men who would be loth to let the event die out. It is sometimes regarded as something of a "joy ride," but even in these days of astounding reliability the conditions are sufficiently stringent to provide a real touring-car test.

The same remarks apply with even greater force to the same club's London-Exeter-London run—to look rather far ahead—on King Day.

April, as a matter of fact, is more notable on the Continental fixture list, for the only other British competitions of importance, beyond a number of motor-cycling events, are the opening meeting at Brooklands on Easter Monday and the Junior Car Club's spring meeting on

the track on the 20th. On the other hand, there is an automobile meeting at Le Mans on the 10th, a hill climb near Prague on the same day, the Corsican Grand Prix and Prague Motor Exhibition on the 22nd, and finally two old-timers in the shape of the Marseilles hill climb and the Targa Florio race in Sicily, both on the last day of the month.

The outstanding event of May, so far as Britain is concerned, is the Royal Meeting at Brooklands on the 20th, when it is expected that the Duke of York will honour the track with his presence. The credit for organising this meeting lies with that particularly virile body the Essex Motor Club. There is a regular Brooklands meeting on the 13th also—and again that concludes the British

list, except for motor-cycling events, most notable of which is the Junior Tourist Trophy race in the Isle of Man on the 30th, followed on June 1st by the Senior motor-cycle event.

The Continental fixtures for May are not of striking interest, the principal ones being a fuel consumption trial at Le Mans and a cycle-car race in Spain.

June is one of the fullest months of the year from every point of view, being rivalled only by September as a purely racing month. The Motor Cycling Club leads off with its annual London to Edinburgh run, followed by the start, on Whit Monday, of the Royal Scottish Automobile Club's 1,000 miles light car trial. There is, of course, a Brooklands meeting on the same day, and the Junior Car Club, on the 10th, has arranged for a reliability run from London to Manchester.

The three-litre Tourist Trophy race takes place in the Isle of Man on the 20th, followed by the light car "T.T." on the 22nd. The revival of this event is likely to create a considerable amount of interest, especially in view of the inclusion of the second race for the popular 1,500 cc. class of cars.

On the Continent there is a second automobile meeting at Le Mans on Whit Sunday, and a week's automobile festivities at Spa, Belgium, from the 10th to the 17th. On the 11th of the month, Picardy contributes a hill climb and Marseilles a 300-miles race, while starting on the 26th a 1,200 miles endurance test is to be held in Czechoslovakia.

The centre of interest shifts again to the Continent in July, when the two-



*One of several similar incidents in the recent Junior Car Club's Efficiency Trial. Many a big car, however, has met its Waterloo on Brooklands test hill, as well as the light car illustrated.*

THE YEAR'S FIXTURE LIST.

litre Grand Prix and the touring car races will be held on the Strassbourg circuit on the 15th. A motor rally and speed trials will be held at Le Mans on the 10th; there will be a big meeting at Ostend on the 8th, and the month closes with a reliability trial in the French Alps. At home the M.C.C. and Essex Clubs will hold meetings at Brooklands respectively on the 8th and 22nd, but the principal event of the month is the Shelsley Walsh hill climb, the Midland Automobile Club's great annual competition, on the 29th.

There will be a Brooklands meeting, of course, on August Bank Holiday, and the track again figures in the most important event of the month, the Junior Car Club's 200 miles Light Car race on August 19th. Another automobile meeting will be held at Le Mans on the 13th, and Belgium will hold Grand Prix races for two and three litre cars on the 12th. In September, Italy takes the field on the 3rd with a 1,500 cc. Grand Prix race; more endurance and speed trials will be held near Prague on the 8th to 10th; on the 10th further Italian Grand Prix races for two and three litre cars will be run; a cyclecar race will take place at Le Mans on the 16th, and the French voiturette and light car races, also at Le Mans, are down for the 17th and 18th. Le Mans also, not content that the comparatively big car Grand Prix should leave the Circuit de la Sarthe for Alsace, will hold a further two-litre Grand Prix on the 19th.

Appended is a detailed list of the principal fixtures for 1922, both at home and abroad.

APRIL

- 15. M.C.C. London-Land's End.
- 16. Motor Meet at Le Mans.
- Prague Hill Climb.
- 17. B.A.R.C. Opening Meeting.
- First Air Race Meeting at the London Air Station, Croydon.
- 22. Corsican Grand Prix Race.
- Prague Motor Exhibition.
- 29. J.C.C. Spring Meeting at Brooklands.

- 30. Marseilles Hill Climb.
- Targa Florio Race, Sicily.

MAY

- 13. B.A.R.C. Meeting.
- 20. Royal Meeting at Brooklands.
- 21. Armaugne Cyclecar Race, Spain.
- 25. Fuel Consumption Trial, Le Mans.
- 30. A.C.U. Junior T.T., Isle of Man.

JUNE

- 1. Motor Cycle T.T. Race, Isle of Man.
- 2. M.C.C. London-Edinburgh.
- 4. Motor Meet at Le Mans.
- 5. Start of Royal Scottish Automobile Club 1,000 Miles Light Car Trial.
- B.A.R.C. Meeting.
- 10. Junior Car Club, London to Manchester.
- 10-17. Spa (Belgium) Motor Meet.
- 11. Picardy Automobile Hill Climb.
- Marseilles 300 Miles Race.
- 17. Ealing and District M.C.C. Meeting at Brooklands.
- 20. International Tourist Trophy Race, Isle of Man, 3 Litre Cars.
- 22. 1,500 cc. Light Car T.T. Race, Isle of Man.

- 26. Endurance Test, 1,200 Miles around Czecho-Slovakia.

JULY

- 8. M.C.C. Brooklands Meet.
- Ostend Motor Meet.
- 10. Motor Rally and Speed Trials at Le Mans.
- 15. French Grand Prix 2 litre road race.
- French Grand Prix, Touring Car race, Strassbourg.
- 22. Essex Motor Club Meeting at Brooklands.
- 29. M.A.C. Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb.
- 30. Reliability Trials in French Alps.

AUG.

- 6. Mont Ventoux Hill Climb.
- 7. B.A.R.C. Meeting.
- 12. Belgian Grand Prix Race for 2 and 3 litre cars.
- 13. Motor Meet at Le Mans.
- 19. Junior Car Club, 200 Miles Race.

SEPT.

- 2. Surbiton Motor Club Speed Trials at Brooklands.
- 3. European Grand Prix, 1,500 cc., Italy.
- 8-10. Endurance and Speed Tests near Prague.
- 9. J.C.C. South Harting Hill Climb.
- 10. European Grand Prix, 2-3 litre cars, Italy.

- 16. French Cyclecar Grand Prix at Le Mans.

- 17. French Volant Grand Prix, 1,500 cc. at Le Mans.

- 18. French Light Car Grand Prix, 1,500 cc. at Le Mans.

- 19. Grand Prix de l'Automobile, 2 litre Racing at Le Mans.

- 30. B.A.R.C. Long Distance Race for 2 and 3 litre cars.

- Oct. 1. Gaillon Hill Climb, Rouen-Paris Road, French Autumn Motor Show, Grand Palais, Paris.

- 14. B.A.R.C. Meeting.

- 21. B.M.C.R.C. Championship Meeting.

- NOVEMBER Olympia Show.

- DEC. 26. M.C.C. London-Exeter-London.



Dr. A. M. Low measures the noise of the cars ascending Brooklands test hill in the Efficiency Trial with one of the ingenious instruments which he produces so prolifically.

## A BIG CAR FOR THE OWNER-DRIVER.

## A CAR OF MANY FEATURES.

*The individualities of the Sizaire-Berwick illustrated and described.*

THE advance of the six-cylinder has had the appearance of leaving stranded one or two well-known makes of comparatively large cars in which the designer has stuck to his four-cylinder guns. It is a generally accepted dictum that the larger an engine the more cylinders it should have, and certainly some of the first-class sixes, eights, and twelves are wonderful in their silkiness despite great power. The large four-cylinder engine, however, is by no means dead, and we had a demonstration recently of what really excellent results can be obtained from proper design when we tested a Sizaire-Berwick.

Before going into details we may say that this engine is so smooth and silent that we would have defied anyone ignorant of the design of the car to tell how many cylinders it had beneath its bonnet.

Curiously, this make is one of the very few with which we had had no previous acquaintance whatever. We had always regarded it as one of the large cars which no one in his senses would attempt to run as an owner-driven vehicle, for it has all the appearance of luxury that would naturally induce that view. We were surprised to find, therefore, that a great deal more thought has been given to this point in the designing of the Sizaire-Berwick than in that of most light cars, and that, as a result, there is not the slightest reason why, for the mere maintenance of the car, an owner should employ a chauffeur. We have not overlooked the difficulties when it is desired to use the vehicle for shopping, theatres, and so forth, of course; but that applies to any car of any size, and is beside the point.

The average owner - driver usually neglects two things—his fan-belt adjustment and the lubrication of the shackles of the

front springs. Universal joints have been known to suffer owing to the inaccessibility of their greasers also. Even when the fan or its pulley is capable of adjustment, this is almost invariably a job for which a spanner is required, but on the Sizaire-Berwick a comfortably large knurled screw can be turned with the fingers to give delicate adjustment up to the limit where, in any case, it would be necessary to remove a link. The radiator, by the way, is completely sheeted in except for the circular opening in which the fan revolves, so that all the air drawn in passes over the water tubes.

With regard to the lubrication of out-of-the-way shackles and other points throughout the chassis, this is accomplished by screwing down the plungers of small grease guns attached

to the chassis at the various points. The barrels hold a considerable quantity of grease, and are easily refilled, and the passage to the point to be lubricated is sufficiently large for the grease to pass without undue effort on the part of the operator.

A part of the standard equipment of the Sizaire-Berwick is a couple of horns, one comparatively gentle for town use and the other of the usual blatant Klaxon type for the country, and the two switches are so arranged in the centre of the steering wheel that light pressure sounds the town horn and further depression of the button brings the Klaxon into operation. Both horns are mounted on the engine side of the dash, beneath the bonnet, of course, and between them is carried an interestingly revised edition of the

Autovac. The operating mechanism of this large tank is of the usual type, but the gravity chamber holds something in the neighbourhood of a gallon instead of the small quantity of the usual Autovac, so that in the event of the main petrol tank developing a leak for any reason, there is always a reasonable reserve to carry one on to the next garage.

In mentioning above certain items which the owner-driver constitutionally neglects on the average car, we did not wish to infer that he neglects nothing else. He simply refuses to touch any part of the electric system, for instance, if he can possibly avoid it; and in view of the comparative complication and the haphazard nature of the wiring in many cases, we cannot find it in our heart to blame him overmuch. On the Sizaire-Berwick what little can be done to render the task of the amateur electrician more easy has been done. All the wiring is concealed in a neat, easily-removed casing, and the wires are identifiable from end to end—less like



*The picturesque courtyard of the old Crown at Amersham.*

a jig-saw puzzle than usual, in fact. Also, the fuse box, mounted behind the switch board on the dash, is hinged, and when attention is required lets down so that every fuse and terminal is accessible.

The dashboard—or, rather, instrument board—of the Sizaire-Berwick is a wonderful affair, and while we admire it, we are not altogether sure that it is one of the points of the car that we like. That is a personal matter, however, and at least one can say that not only is the collection of instruments the most comprehensive standard arrangement that we have seen, but that the considerable number of separate dials and switches have been very happily designed from the point of view of appearance and convenience. The clock, in the centre, flanked on each side by a speed indicator and revolution counter, are identical in size and as nearly so as possible in appearance, while the row of switches with their indicators underneath is neat and accessible. Incidentally, one of the dials is that of the petrol gauge, and from the little we saw of it we should judge it to be more nearly accurate than is usual in these devices.

Many a car which is otherwise almost perfect suffers from the apparently trivial defect that its tool locker is inaccessible, or that in it the tools become jumbled together—so that, anyway, no inconsiderable portion of any task to be performed is that of finding the particular tool required. In the Sizaire-Berwick, a similar flap to that which carries the fuses, but larger, of course, lets down from beneath the instrument board, and in the solid wood are cut openings of the exact shape of the tools most likely to be required. Thus one can obtain anything from a tommy-bar to an axle cap shifter, not only without trouble to one's self, but also without disturbing the passengers.

These are the main points likely to interest the average owner, who, so far as technical excellences of design are concerned, prefers to judge by results. Though the chassis of the Sizaire-Berwick be bristling with these last, therefore, we will ignore them, although it may be mentioned in passing that the repair side of the works has a fairly easy time—which is the best test of the rightness or otherwise of a car from the technical point of view. From that of the every-day driver, we found the car particularly nice to



*The tool locker of the Sizaire-Berwick. A hinged flap lets down and discloses the tools most likely to be required arranged each in its own compartment.*



*The grease-gun which lubricates the shackles of the springs. Greasers, in the usual sense of the term, have been replaced by this sensible fitting.*





*Adjustment of the front wheel with the engine evidences*



*Front view of the engine*



*The instrument board of the Sizaire-Berwick is one of the most comprehensive we have seen. A petrol gauge and a revolution counter are among the dials.*

*The mechanism of the Autovac is embodied in a much larger tank than usual, thus giving a good reserve in case of accident to the petrol tank.*



handle. With a vehicle of the Sizaire-Berwick's power, of course, there is little to do but steer; and we found the large, thin wheel gave one a comfortably secure and confidence-inspiring control over the long car. That the upper rim of the wheel was apt, on an up-grade, to get just into our line of vision may be the fault of the particular driver's physical dimensions, since we imagine that Sizaire-Berwicks are not made only for long, thin men. This, apart, however, we felt assured of perfect control after a very few minutes at the wheel, largely aided by the smoothly-acting brakes.

For the benefit of those few who are interested in the details of construction we will state a few main facts of the design. The four-cylinder engine has a bore and stroke respectively of 95 mm. by 160 mm., giving an R.A.C. rating of 22.4, or an annual tax of £23. Oil and water circulation are both forced; the standard carburettor is a five-jet Smith, and the magneto a C.M.I. The gear-box gives four speeds and reverse, the top-speed ratio being 4 to 1. The spiral bevel-driven rear axle is of the semi-floating type, carried—as is the front axle—on semi-elliptic springs. The chassis weight is 27 cwt.; wheelbase, 11 ft. 9 in.; track, 4 ft. 9 in.; and over-all length, 16 ft. The wheels are 895 mm. by 135 mm. Dunlop wire detachable. Smith's lighting and starting system is used.

The price of the chassis is £1,250; those of complete cars ranging from £1,550 for the five-seater touring model, up to £1,900 for a seven-seated cabriolet.

The Sizaire-Berwick is one of those essentially British cars in the design of which ultimate price considerations have not been allowed to have undue influence. It is a luxury car, intended from the first to be the best of its kind. How far that goal has been attained is not for us to say, and is, when all is said and done, merely a matter of opinion, but at least we have no hesitation in giving the designer the credit for having made an honest attempt to produce a vehicle according to his own ideas and not a mere slavish copy of that which convention has decreed to be "the thing." The result is great individuality without the slightest vestige of freakishness; a car of really good appearance, supreme comfort, and good, sound performance.

SKIRTING THE SUBJECT.

“PROUD-PIED APRIL.”

*The season when a young man's fancy should not be hampered by thoughts of income tax.*

By C. S. Brooke.

THE editor of THE MOTOR-  
OWNER when he commissioned  
me to write about April—

“ . . . proud-pied April,  
dress'd in all his trim”—  
made a proviso. “ You may write,”  
said he—editors, one may remark in  
parenthesis, nowadays never “ quoth ”: they  
make a present of that verb to the  
sporting reporters—“ You may write,”  
said he, “ as much as you like, up to  
fifteen hundred words, about the blue  
vault of heaven, the greening earth,  
the brimming rivers, the burgeoning  
beeches, the beckoning hills, the woolly  
clouds trailing their shadows across  
the hills, cuckoo calling, swallows  
darting and squealing, lark mounting  
and tearing its little tonsils out in a  
pæan, the trout rising to the mayfly,  
and all those sorts of things, don't you  
know; but”—and here the editor  
rose like one man from the editorial  
chair, planted his clenched fists on  
the flat-topped desk (also editorial)  
and concluded, looking the while very  
much as if he meant it—“ none of that

‘ In the spring a young man's fancy  
lightly turns to ’—  
need one say more ?

At which I, properly brought up (a  
long time ago), also arrived at years  
that are commonly presumed to be  
years of discretion, and, moreover,  
not choosing to be outdone in dignity,  
did up and make reply—“ Sir, the  
answer is in the negative.”

All the same I, splashing my way  
home, marvelled that the Lord High  
Panjandrum, usually so reasonable,  
should have made such a dead set at  
“ In the spring a livelier iris changes  
on the burnish'd dove ;

In the spring a young man's fancy,”  
etcetera, likewise so on.

For my own part I fail utterly to see  
why a young man's fancy shouldn't;  
indeed, if it comes to that, time was  
when oneself deemed it not amiss  
“ To sport with Amaryllis in the  
shade,

Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair.”  
It's hackneyed, admitted, that “ In the  
spring,” and so forth; especially the

second line—so hackneyed indeed that  
nine out of ten men if asked to name  
the author would promptly answer  
“ Shakespeare ! ” and so be sent to the  
bottom of the class, supposing there  
was room enough there and the school-  
master himself were not abroad, as  
the saying is, poor overworked, tired-  
out devil. But whatever the grounds  
of the editor's proviso—whether it be  
that he has a grudge against the dove,  
that “ tedious harper on five notes,”  
or, as one has hazarded, that he con-  
siders Tennyson's lines so hackneyed  
as to be unfit for quotation—this much  
is certain: as one values one's job  
one must keep a strict watch lest one,  
however inadvertently, should let  
those lines in. That is not to preclude  
one from remarking, however, either  
casually or of aforethought, that the  
charge of being hackneyed might be  
brought, with not less force, against  
an almost illimitable number of very  
desirable things, states, and happen-  
ings, as, to name but a few, your  
Turneresque sunsets, calm after storm  
(including the domestic or marital sort  
of storm) the rising of the hunter's  
moon at the full, the veering of the  
wind to the south, sunshine after rain—  
how sweet the heightened scent of  
field and wood!—making it up again  
with kisses and fair promises, finding a  
topping inn where one expected only  
a so-so, getting on to one's game once  
more after a month or more of dratting  
(and worse, were the full truth to be  
told) every iron club in the bag, and,  
last but not least—O, of a high  
certainty, not least!—the return of  
the season, and all it stands for, when

“ . . . a young man's fancy lightly  
turns to ”—  
only, in the circumstances, 'twill be  
safer to say the season

“ . . . when bit by bit  
The days begin to lengthen sweet,  
And every minute gained is joy—  
And love stirs in the heart of a boy.”

Personally I, in my capacity of an  
ordinary Sunday-go-to-meeting citizen,  
do not deplore the boy his naturalness,  
nor even, as I have said, the young

feller-mi-lad, his mental excursions  
into the land of strange hallucinations;  
nor wonder at the giddy, the dizzying  
lark, or, if it come to that, the madness  
of the hare, that generally docile  
creature. Neither, I confess, can I  
marvel that the trout should be so  
delightfully silly as to rise with  
alacrity to the fly called May (pre-  
sumably because in normal years it  
plays the lure in April) or, to clinch  
the matter, that every other living  
thing (nearly including my friend  
Professor Dryasdust and that first-  
cousin-once-removed of his who prac-  
tises at the Chancery Bar) should fail  
not to rejoice

“ When proud-pied April, dress'd in  
all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every-  
thing.”

For a man to wear his hat on one side,  
walk on his heels, whistle an air (if  
it's only a funeral march) and fancy  
that he has bogey well beat at every  
hole is as natural on a sunny April  
morning as for every man jack male  
creature in his jolly teens to imagine  
that the young woman whom he has  
taken to his heart, or after whom he  
sighs ever so, ever so, is as fair as Hebe  
and as sporting as Diana. Why, on  
such a morning—you will know the  
sort I mean—a morning that cheer-  
fully conforms with the behest,

“ April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears ! ”—  
even the poets, bashful fellows, give  
each his Pegasus its head—let the  
steed go at full gallop—so that they  
themselves wax as talkative under  
the engaging influences that one of  
their number has apostrophised thus,

“ O breeze, O swaying buds !  
O lambs ! O primroses, O floods ! ”

as any lord after his second bottle.

Is there one among us, man, woman,  
or child of whatsoever degree or  
understanding—peer or peasant, lout  
or high-brow, well or ailing—who is not  
stirred by the return of Spring ?  
As the sap is stirred in the roots of elm

THEN AND NOW.

*T H E S I L E N T " P O O L " !*



*The drought has brought tragedy to the Silent Pool, just off the Pilgrim's Way, near Shere. The wonderful sheet of water has almost disappeared, little more than a few puddles remaining to hint at the mirror-like surface which has attracted so many motorists to visit the Pool. The story goes that King John, from wanton*

*mischief, drove a woodman's daughter further and further into the water until she was out of her depth. Her lover endeavoured to rescue her, but both were drowned, and the Pool ever after remained still and silent. It was a delightful spot, and doubtless will be again when normal weather conditions have refilled it.*



IT'S A POOR HEART THAT NEVER REJOICES.

(Continued from page 45.)

and lime and oak and ash and beech. surely we all of us take a fillip, if not indeed a new lease of life, from this happening which, for all it is im-memorial, seems ever, each recurring year, a veritable miracle, a miracle indeed most miraculous? Here is a hackneyed thing, if you like; yet it remains, even to the sense of this sophisticated generation, at once profound and, in its various manifestations, of rare loveliness. Some of the manifestations—quite notable ones, as instance the stormcock's melody and the almond's ravishing blossom—get the start of April.

"Fair now is the springtide, now earth lies beholding  
With the eyes of a lover the face of the sun;  
Long lasteth the daylight, and hope is enfolding  
The green-growing acres with increase begun"—

that was evoked by the March wind; but most of the manifestations—or, at any rate, the most impressive ones—are content to await the arrival of the "proud-pied" gallant, to minister, as it were, to the youth's extraordinary love of fine raiment. You are welcome to your harbingers, your portents, your little indications that the year's at the turn, for me. I am free to confess that there are moods in which I also can take comfort—a small measure, at any rate—from such early signs as the leafing of the honeysuckle, hazel catkins braving a February downpour, and the venturesome primrose about which my neighbour writes to the *Times* to extol. But rather, by quite a long chalk, do I esteem the broader effects of spring—leafing hedgerows, blossoming plum and wild cherry, fields all yellow with cowslips, and woods carpeted with anemones or the frail little sorrel and man-

tled o'er with green fresh from old Mother Nature's ample paint-pot.

In a word, give me April. Never mind that it hath but thirty days to most of the others' thirty-one, nor that its first day is dedicated to All Fools. It is surely meet that such a multitudinous family should have a saint's day of its very own, and not less meet is the first day of the first full month, by the calendar, of the season that "hath put a spirit of youth in everything" for such an occasion. Professor Dryasdust and his learned cousin may perhaps deplore the need for the occasion, but with roads drying, the sun warming to his work, the car licence renewed, the inns spring-cleaned and, let us hope, their charges a little lowered; with the birds of the air in cheerful song, the earth arrayed as for a festival, and the Easter holidays all but due, who cares a tuppenny tinker's hum-ha for the opinions of a whole college-full of Dryasdusts? As it is a poor heart that never rejoices, so is it a warped mind that refuses to put on cap and bells when the season's ripe for folly. And so, Dryasdust, thou be-cobwebbed old thing, and thou, cousin to the professor, with thy interminable arguments, a fig for you! Likewise

farewell to you both! I'm for the open road, be it brown or, as in Derbyshire, a blinding white, or, like the Snowdonia roads, a steely blue; also for the beckoning hills, and, mayhap as well (for one never knows how the luck of the road may prove) an inn or two of the sort that is commonly supposed (wrongly, I am of the opinion) to have become extinct in England.

"But, my dear fellow," I hear someone exclaim, "it may rain cats and dogs at Easter!" To which one answers, "Well indeed do I know." One may not have courted the road as I have courted it—afoot, a-bicycle, and a-car, from the gaudy days of one's callow youth up and up and up into these years of profound discretion—without having learned by one's own experience, as well as travellers' tales, that a mid-April Easter may be subjected not only to almost any sort of weather but even to those many weathers that proverbially belong to March. Young April is no milk-sop. It is his humour to set at naught the calendar, and equally to flout proverbs; he will make a rude grimace at a poet—even Shakespeare—as much as look at him, and tear his verses to tatters; and though in his heart he

joices over the green of wood and white of orchard, yet can he play the tyrant over them. Rain cats and dogs, did you say? Why, look you here, Master Faintheart, the stormy winds may blow-hi-O at Easter, and we may have snow. But, Faintheart, you never can tell. As well at Easter, April being what he is, may the amateur gardener emulate the bull in his sweat and his reaumain and his folk take tea in a wood without one shivering. As to the cats and dogs, the virgin-white snow, and the messy sleet, let them come, if come they must.



"Proud-pied April's" charm is its feminine uncertainty. A spring morning such as this promises well for a fine day; but then, it's April, and you never know where you have it.

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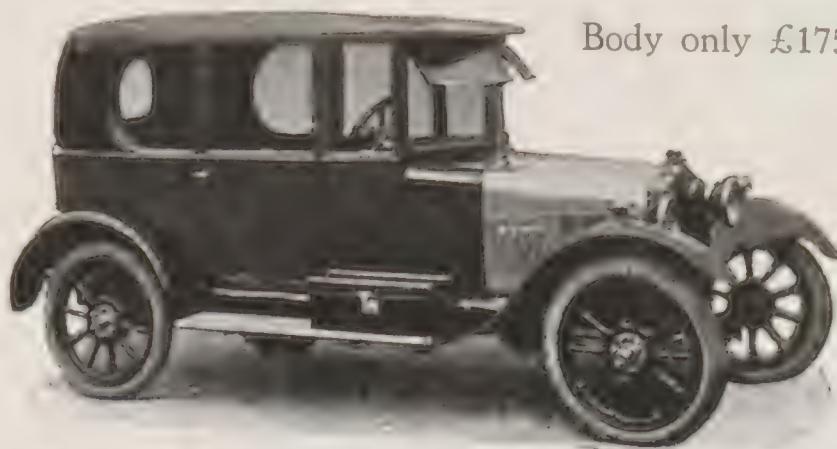
N. 7.—Graceful Wrap Coat with new pouche back and novelty Belt. Collar, Cuffs and Skirt handsomely trimmed Braid to match, lined throughout Silk. Length 48 ins. In Navy, Black, Nigger and Fawn. Price **10 Gns.**

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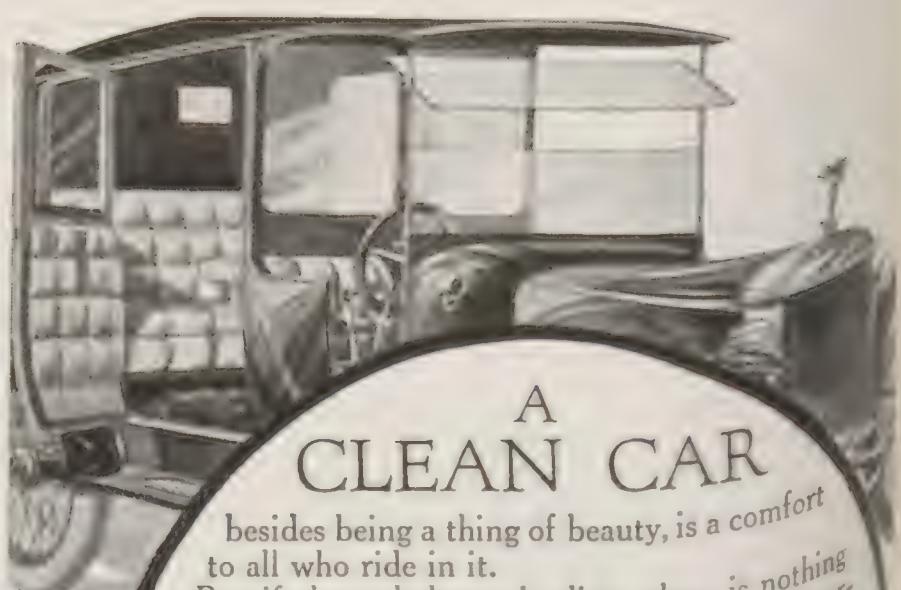


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## THE TAX AND THE DISSIPATION OF ITS PROCEEDS.

## LONG-DELAYED ROAD IMPROVEMENTS.

*Is the Government playing fair in its little game with the motorist?*

**A**T a time when the taxation of motor cars again forms a particularly popular topic of discussion, some useful purpose may be served by reviewing generally and briefly some of the things that have been done with money that has been obtained. Charity prevents one from dwelling at length on the things that have been left undone. It will be remembered that the tax of £1 per horse-power, when first levied, or was introduced, was stated to be for the purpose of securing more money for the maintenance and improvement of the roads. Not, be it noted, for the construction of new roads, which is definitely precluded from inclusion under the generic terms, "improvement and maintenance." The motorist, it was stated, is to-day the most important road user, and as such it is only fair that he should pay more than any other single section of the community (in due proportion) towards the maintenance of these roads, a principle

which, since being laid down, has never been seriously disputed.

Of course, the motorist always has contributed directly to the maintenance of the roads, that is to say, always since he has constituted *any* important section of the community, but the new method of taxation draws no distinction between the man who does 1,000 miles a week and the man who does 10. Nor does it differentiate sufficiently between the man who uses the roads in a four-ton solid-tyred lorry and the man who uses them in a ten hundred-weight light car. In other words, the present tax has no true relationship whatever to the damage that the payer of the tax does to the roads.

A fuel tax would do all these things, but the representatives of the Ministry of Transport recently disclosed that if the fuel tax were re-established, it would have to be in the neighbourhood of from 1s. to 2s. a gallon. In view of the fact that the importation and consumption of petrol in this country last year was

some 240,000,000 gallons and that the total contribution required from motorists is only some £8,000,000, it is difficult to see how the 1s. or 2s. per gallon tax on petrol could be justified.

The cost of collection and ease of evasion are urged as the main objections to this tax, but it is officially stated that the cost of the collection of the present tax exceeded £2,000,000, or 20 per cent. of the total amount collected; and in connection with the ease of evasion I am willing to join with a fellow-journalist in his wager that if we put labels from Guinness's stout bottles in our licence holders we could drive for a whole season without being questioned!

However, all this is by the way! Let us see what is being done with the money that has been obtained. In all parts of the country activity in road schemes is to be seen, but surely it is most extraordinary activity and the very last kind that the payers of the bill would choose if given any



*The beginning of the new by-pass road, by which it will be possible to avoid Farningham, on the London to Maidstone road.*

*Dangerous blind corners are being eliminated on the Birmingham-Kenilworth road. The arrows indicate how the road is being straightened out.*

## EMPLOYING THE UNEMPLOYED.

opportunity of expressing their views in the matter. In Warwickshire, for instance, where road surfaces resemble chunks of the war zone, great enterprise is being displayed in widening. The twisty road from Stonebridge to Kenilworth, which was at once the midsummer night's dream and the nightmare of the Birmingham motorist, is having its bends straightened out and is being rendered reasonably safe. Some half-hearted efforts may be detected by the careful observer to improve that further stretch of this popular road from Kenilworth to Warwick, but from Warwick to Banbury it remains a caricature for its whole length.

Money is being devoutly expended on repainting the signposts with black and white bands and labelling them with the letter "A" and the number 46, denoting that the road is a first-class road within the new classification scheme of the Ministry of Transport, despite evidence of the motorist's senses and observation.

On the outskirts of Glasgow, road widening is being conducted by means of excavating cuttings at a cost of 6s. 9d. per cubic yard. The labour employed is that which would otherwise be unemployed, which means that whatever else it is, it is labour untrained and unskilled in the manufacture of roads. Before the war the cost of similar work in the same area was 1s. per cubic yard, and the work

was much better and more quickly done.

Examples of work deserving only of praise so far as its conception is concerned occur also much nearer London—the straightening of the S-bend, illustrated below, on the Uxbridge road near Hayes, for instance, and the removal of the bad corner on Batchworth Hill near Rickmansworth. The latter is a pre-war scheme naturally abandoned for some years, but the work has now been started.

There is indeed evidence that in all parts of the country the unemployed are being busied on road work, for which they are entirely unsuited. The way in which this concerns the motor-owner is that he is helping to foot the bill in his capacity as a motor-owner in addition to his other honourable functions of taxpayer and ratepayer, and the work that he is paying for is being done in the worst possible manner.

In other parts of the country new road schemes are being actively pursued. So far as one understands the position, such road schemes cannot be financed out of the proceeds of motor taxation; but although definite evidence is lacking, there are grounds for the suspicion that a fair or unfair proportion of revenue "ear-marked" for other purposes is being devoted to this. One of the most ambitious schemes is the cutting of a by-pass road to avoid Farningham on the

London-Maidstone Road. It is noble work, grandly conceived, but is being executed in a way for which polite adjectives are lacking.

The new road cuts right across country, and after rejoining the old road involves the latter in commendable widening, an aspect of the scheme to which little exception can be taken. The widening is being accomplished by cutting the boundary of the road back some twenty yards or more.

I admit that much of what I have said hitherto savours rather strongly of that very unpleasant thing—destructive criticism. I have very little to say on the other side, but it is this. We long ago ceased to expect honest dealings from any Government department. Other people's money is the stuff to awaken a sleeping conscience, but something that may appeal to the bureaucratic mind is the suggestion that some control should be exercised by it over local authorities and their instruments, or implements, the surveyors. Surely a Government department existing to create and maintain the communications of the country ought to have some voice in the appointment and demeanour of their ultimate instruments, the road surveyors. Only so will be prevented such entirely useless squandering of money obtained from the public and from the motorist as may be seen in certain notorious areas of the county of Surrey, to mention only one example.



*The bottle-necked bridge at Hayes, Middlesex, has not yet been given attention. A tram coming up the single track is an ever-present danger at this narrow point.*

*An S-bend which is being eliminated on the London to Uxbridge road. A new road, as indicated in the picture, is being cut straight through the double curve.*

DIVORCE LAW REFORM BADLY WANTED.

W H Y   W I V E S   L E A V E   H O M E .



There is no greater destroyer of an artistic effect in interior decoration, or the serene temperament of his wife, than a husband like Mr. Siddleboy. To him there is a place for everything, but it is not the place that nature or his wife intended for it.



Pity the woman who has married a potlucker. He is always urging people to share potluck with them; and he expects the pot never to contain less than a four-course dinner, with oysters in season. He can be counted on to say, as the guests seat themselves, "By the way, dear, why did you kick me when I asked Jim and Susan to stay to dinner?" Which gives the meal a perfectly lovely send-off.



Mr. Lymp mislays something about once every five minutes, and he has the fixed idea that his wife, for some obscure reason, is at the root of all the mysterious disappearances. At this moment, for example, he is demanding to know what in the world she has done with his fountain pen, which he left on the corner of the table. Life with this type is bearable only if you tie all his possessions to him with bits of string.



The vote for last place in home wreckers goes to the temperature-regulator. This type is constitutionally unable to enter a room without exclaiming, "My, my, it's much too warm (cool) here," and flinging open a window (or shutting it). After which he departs for his den.

*M Y   L O G   B O O K .*

*By Hermes.*

*Activities of the R.A.C. and A.A. A welcome announcement to Vauxhall owners. A wonderfully equipped and convenient filling station; and other items of interest to the motor-owner.*

**T**OURING, both at home and on the Continent, has been less in favour this spring than usual. Now, however, it is again becoming popular, but the R.A.C. issues two warnings which deserve attention. We hear a good deal respecting the economy of travelling in France, for example, owing to the rate of exchange. But it appears that many wily hotel keepers have taken advantage of this fact, increasing their charges to figures that are both unpleasant and unwarrantably excessive. This attitude has been strongly resented, and to avoid similar annoyance the motor tourist would do well to find out accommodation prices beforehand. Both the R.A.C. and the A.A. contribute welcome assistance of this sort.

The recent A.A. scheme of indicating road obstructions had a thorough and successful testing during the stormy weather last month. As most of my readers are now no doubt aware, the Association's patrols place a couple of red flags, with the A.A. badge in the centre, at an adequate distance from fallen trees, floods, roads under repair, and so on, a plan of obvious assistance to strangers, and even to people who are acquainted with the neighbourhood. Owing, moreover, to the A.A.'s negotiations with the Midland Railway, the charges for using the ferry between Tilbury and Gravesend are now reduced to 6s. single for cars (return 7s. 6d.), with similar reductions for lorries and chars-à-bancs. Passengers and loads, however, continue to be subject to the ordinary ferry charges.

Amongst the various ways in which the leading motor firms strive to assist their clients must be included the chauffeurs' training class recently instituted by the Vauxhall Co. The object of the instruction is to benefit owners, since their drivers will be *au fait* with the Vauxhall mechanism, while the men themselves will have the time-saving knowledge that this experience will bring. Full particulars of the course, which lasts a week, and for which a charge of three guineas

(covering full insurance) is made, can be obtained upon application to the works manager, Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., Luton.

It is at least enterprising on the part of the Sunbeam Motor Co. to open a branch in the U.S.A. However, it is not mere ambition that has led to this step, but rather the appreciation of the American people, who have seen for themselves the fine records the Sunbeam has put up in big races on their side of the Atlantic. Situated at 25 West 57th Street, New York City, the premises, completely equipped with all types of Sunbeam cars and spare parts, are under the management of Mr. Dario Resta, the well-known racing driver.

The Wolseley Ten is remarkably popular in India, even amongst notabilities whom one would expect to be content with high-powered cars alone. For instance, the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior has recently purchased one, as has also the Jam Sahib of Navangat. Another owner is the Maharajah Sahib of Bharatpur, while the Maharajah of Dholpur has bought no fewer than three—a two-seater, a torpedo, and a two-seater coupé. And these cars are not kept for ornament either, for on one occasion one of these Wolseley Tens covered 125 miles in 3 hrs. 18 mins., averaging nearly 40 m.p.h., in spite of its three passengers and baggage.

Very far removed indeed from the ordinary run of catalogues is the 1922 booklet descriptive of the Talbot-Darracq. Art paper, clear readable type, numerous excellent and carefully chosen illustrations, and concise and not excessive information, are amongst the points that appeal to the eye. In the preface is an interesting reference to the car's performance in certain outstanding events, which is followed by views and verbal descriptions of the coachbuilding shops, various styles of bodies and of the chassis, from the 28-70 h.p. eight-cylinder down to the 8 h.p. four-cylinder two-seater, which sells complete at £325.

Sun, wind, rain and dust being

trying to the complexion, Messrs. A. and F. Pears, the well-known soap makers, are introducing, as one of their Golden Series, a powder they strongly recommend to motoring ladies. This Baby Powder is 1s. 3d. a tin, and is manufactured with the firm's customary care from the finest and purest ingredients. Exhaustive experiments have proved it to be beneficial to a complexion as delicate as that of a very young child.

The new Filling Station of the Cedric Garages, Ltd., conveniently situated on Brixton Hill, should prove a successful venture. Equipped with the popular Bowser pumps, four cars can fill up simultaneously. The size of the station is adequate, and there is no likelihood of vehicles becoming cramped for room or turning space. Shell, Pratts, Benzole and "B.P." are stocked, also a large selection of up-to-date accessories, whilst repairs are handled on the premises by skilled mechanics. The comfort of customers has been fully studied, in that there are public and private offices, waiting rooms, and telephone. Undoubtedly Cedric Garages will be of great convenience to all motor-owners.

If we are to give our tubes a long life, save unnecessary expense and untold trouble, it is imperative that we render them more or less puncture proof. A very clever device, known as the "Tube Protector" has been marketed for this purpose, and consists of a cleverly constructed layer of overlapping steel scales encased in a strong canvas wrapping. This invention is interesting and readers should ask their motor agent to demonstrate it, or write direct to Messrs. Stuart, Morris and Co., 101, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.

I have been asked to call attention to the current prices of the Albert Car. In our March number the prices quoted were, unfortunately, wrong, owing to their reduction after that issue had gone to press. The latest prices are: 2-seater, £440, 4-seater, £448, All-weather model, £560.



## Yet another **STERNOL** 'MAKES ENGINES PURR LIKE PUSSIES'

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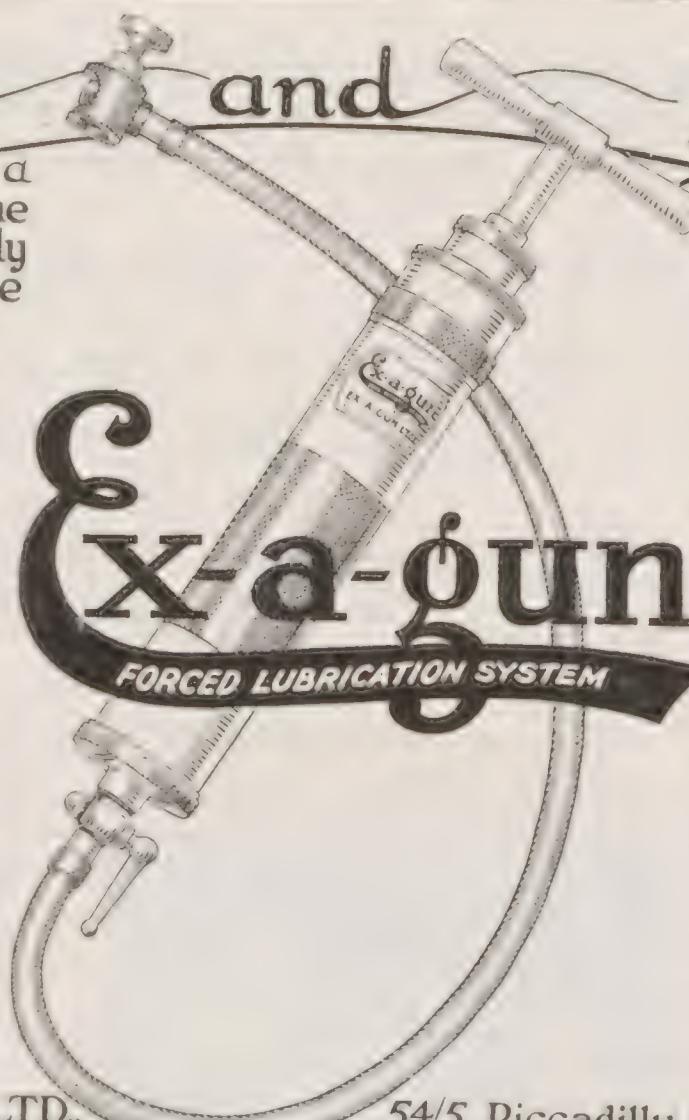
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Raymond Publicity

The Motor-Owner, April, 1922

A MOTORIST'S BOOKSHELF.

*A Brief Excursion in the Realms of Fact and Fiction.*

By Aylmer Norris.

IT is a "polite fiction" that motorists never read. Many that I know among my friends are great readers. Their tastes vary. And so the motorist's bookshelf is a catholic collection with, perhaps, a bias towards travel and topographical books and maps. I know at least one keen motorist upon whose heart it is possible will be found impressed at his death a map of England, just as it was said, centuries ago, that on the heart of Queen Mary, of sanguinary memory, would be found engraven the word Calais. He studies maps, indeed, as a gourmet does a menu. There is scarcely a road in the United Kingdom that he cannot tell to where it goes. He is a mine of useful and sometimes quite out of the way topographical information.

Then I have a friend who makes a point of reading all the good novels which have a real scenic background, like those great romances of Wessex by Thomas Hardy; the Sussex novels of Miss Sheila Kaye Smith; the stories of the wind-swept and fascinating Yorkshire moors in which Halliwell Sutcliffe specialises; and those of "Glorious Devon" and Dartmoor for which Eden Phillpotts has become famed. A good thing, too, for the books about places one has visited have an added charm.

Most motorists know "the Garden of England," that county of hops and cherry trees, pleasant vales and swelling uplands. But how many know it well as does Mr. Donald Maxwell, who has wandered lovingly in its remoter corners and along its little worn by-lanes. In his newly published book, *Unknown Kent* (John Lane, 12s. 6d net), he has captured with brush, pencil, and pen an amazing amount of the charm of Kent and its picturesque towns, villages and by-ways. It is a picture book in more senses than one, for its word pictures almost equal those of the

brush and pencil with which it is liberally adorned. The artist has got the right atmosphere into his nocturne in blue "Canterbury"; and a delightful amount of sunshine into his "The Medway near Maidstone."

Whether the author is discussing with his friend Brown the merits of ferro-concrete (for Kent is a cement district) or debating whether or no old Roman roads had "kinks" or invariably run straight—except the instance of Stone Street, between Lympne and Canterbury—he is equally entertaining.

There is a wealth of information in the pages of *Unknown Kent*. By following this motorists will get in touch with many a delightful spot they have hitherto missed, and enjoy something at least of the spirit of adventure.

From Kent to Barbary. What a jump! And yet the motorist can accomplish it with comfort and dispatch. The way lies through the pleasant land of France, past historic chateaux (if you will), through smiling valleys, over undulating hills and even moun-

tains, to Marseilles. There one's car is swung skywards, and for a few moments dangles in space, while the owner holds his breath. Then it is lowered into the hold or on to the deck of a "Messagerie," and one sets sail for Barbary.

What one does and how one does it when the blue Mediterranean has been crossed can be learned from Mr. MacCallum Scott's new book, *Barbary: the Romance of the Nearest East* (Thornton Butterworth, 12s. 6d. net).

Those who have visited Tunis will read with vivid pleasure the chapter entitled "The Street of Perfumes." One can smell again the aromatic essences for which Tunis is famed.

Since the French have developed the country there are good roads. There is the lure of Kairouan, the Sacred City, and the Byzantine ruins scattered through the land, and who will readily forget the pleasant and welcome oases, and the strange, sun-stricken solidity of the Kasbah of Gafsa. A book that makes one wish to pack one's bag, get the car out, and be off.

Hulbert Footner, the author of *The Substitute Millionaire*, has given us an excellent mystery story in *The Owl Taxi* (Collins, 7s. 6d.). The "owl taxi" is a New York term for the cab that is "picking up." An American, Gregory Parr, fed up with life, is going abroad. He enters a bar for a final drink before going aboard the *Savoia*. He meets the owner of the "owl taxi." In the end the cabman sells Gregory Parr the taxi for three hundred dollars, plus all his luggage on board the steamer.

Parr drives off in the cab and finds that there is a passenger in it. A man who has been murdered. The "hare is started," and it is with the elucidation of the mystery, and a Central American Republic's affairs, plus a charming heroine and a villain named de Socota that this excellent story is chiefly concerned.

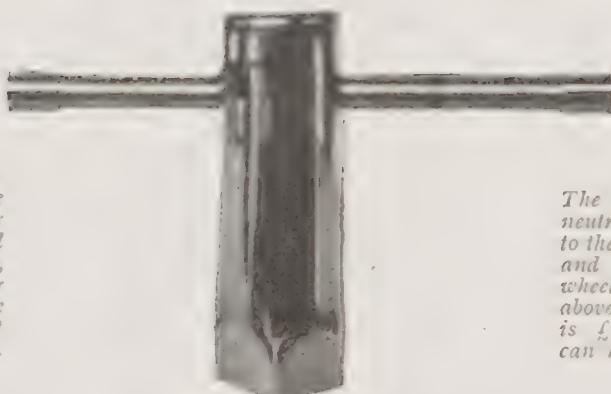


Eynesford Bridge. A reproduction from one of the illustrations in "Unknown Kent," which we are able to show by the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. John Lane.

SOME DIFFICULTIES REMOVED.

*T E S T E D · A N D · P R O V E D.*

*Four accessories of varied purpose which may prove to be of interest to our readers.*



*In the centre is an illustration of the difficulty one  
panner too often supplied in the tool kit; and  
Messrs. Rumbaken's (of Cheadle Lane,  
Manchester) solution of the problem so far  
as a moderate-priced but effective spot light  
by A. J. Dce, of Endell Street, W.C.*

*The advantage of a big steering wheel is often  
neutralised by the difficulty of obtaining access  
to the driving seat. With the London Industrial  
and Trade Development Company's movable  
wheel, the action of which is clearly shown  
above, the disadvantage disappears. The price  
is £3 10s. Below, the Greenhalgh combined  
can handle and petrol tin opener is illustrated*



## "AN EYE FOR AN EYE . . ."

### *The Law of Moses and the Road Behaviour of the Modern Motorist.*

SIR.—I have seen the road behaviour of the modern motorist, taking him by and large, severely criticised and very unfavourably compared with that of his brother of the early days, but I am not at all sure that your contributors and those of other journals that have dealt with the subject are right. They are judging superficially, in my opinion. Proportionately to the total number of drivers using the roads I do not believe that the average behaviour is one atom worse now than it was ten or twenty years ago, or than it will be ten or twenty years hence. At the same time, I believe that 99.9 per cent. of drivers base their mode of behaviour on an entirely wrong assumption. However, to enlarge upon my primary point first.

Nowadays we get the man who blinds across cross roads, who hugs the middle of the road and will not give way, who takes his left hand corners wide and cuts the right hand ones short, who doesn't sound his horn at all, or lets off a terrifying blast right in the ear of pedestrians and laughs at their consternation ; we have the man, in short, who acts as though he possessed a permanent, universal and individual right of way, and who appears to consider himself above the law of the land, of decency and of common sense.

Good. We have ; I admit it. But is he an innovation ? Didn't Charlie Jarrott in his *Ten Years of Motors and Motor Racing* (and that's a dozen years or so ago), make a pertinent remark about fools on cross roads ? He did, and he had the best of reasons. The position is simply this : If you had a total of one hundred motorists, 10 per cent. of whom were bad drivers from the road-behaviour point of view, those ten would not be very noticeable. But when the total increases to one thousand, the ten per cent. becomes a hundred—as many as the original grand total of drivers of all sorts. The nuisance and noticeability of bad driving increases, I should say, as the

cube of the increase in the number of bad drivers. Which sounds a bit technical, but I think you will find it approximately true.

I strongly incline to the belief, as a matter of fact, that road behaviour is improving, in spite of appearances and statements to the contrary, for this reason. In the old days bad behaviour was just bad behaviour, with seldom the excuse of ignorance. The proportion of learners, in fact, was much smaller. Now we have many thousands of men—and women—using the roads who are in gradual process of absorbing the traditions as well as the rules of the road, and who, in time, will cease to commit, even in error, those breaches of etiquette which are always annoying and sometimes dangerous. Most of them, that is.

All the time, however, the number of cars upon the roads is increasing—what an amazing difference there is, for instance, between now and immediately before the war—and fancy performances become less and less possible. More and more people, therefore, are growing up in their career as automobilists who know nothing and care less as to those rapid runs we used to delight in from London to Brighton, or Glasgow or Manchester. They are content—because they know of nothing better—with a nice, steady touring speed, and are proud—as well they may be under present conditions—of an all-day average of 27. I think we are gradually growing out of road-hogism.

But to come to my second point. All motorists act on wrong premises. One can scarcely expect a normal human being to carry the Christian spirit so far as to turn the other cheek to be smitten, but the law of Moses is adhered to rather too rigidly. "If other people *will* stick to the middle of the road, so shall I !" is quite a common remark. If a thoughtless driver forgets to switch off his head lamps on entering a well-lighted town, other drivers will "wiggle" their head-

lamp switches in irritation and deliberately blind him. It is not playing the game—two wrongs don't make a right. In the first case, it may be a novice, who is frightened to death to get down on the camber and leave you plenty of room, and in the second, it is a million to one that the driver simply doesn't know his lamps are on. Without going into details, for I am afraid I have already trespassed! I am unwarrantably on your space, I am perfectly convinced that there is a spirit of retaliation abroad—and pretty generally—where a much cleaner policy of toleration would be its own reward.

If I may be forgiven for a further line or so, there are two other points I would like to raise in so far as they affect adversely the pleasure of motor-ing. One is the tendency of many people to remember only at the last moment before pulling up or taking a turning that another car may be following along behind. They fling out their hand and almost simultaneously put on the brake or pull broadside on across the road, as the case may be. I avoided a very nasty accident of this variety only by instinct and the Grace of God—certainly not through con-sidered skill—a week or so ago, so naturally I feel rather strongly on the subject.

The other matter that I have in mind is the difficulty of overtaking, or rather of passing, another vehicle, and this mainly concerns commercial vehicle traffic. I do not suppose that the drivers deliberately monopolise the road and refuse to let one pass, but the effect is very much the same. No covered commercial vehicle, whether a converted Lizzie, a char-bancs, or a brewery tractor with trailers, should be entitled to use the road without a human rear look-out or at least a driving mirror. Such vehicles certainly should not be allowed out in charge of the driver—or driver and stoker—only, and it should be an offence to cause obstruction. —Yours, etc., PROH PUDOR.

MALE WIT AT A DISCOUNT.

## F O U N D — A T I T L E .

Amongst the large number of answers sent in for our "Wanted—A Title" competition for the above picture, there were many which were very good—and, curiously enough, several which were not. In fact we are still trying to discover the point in some of them! The prize goes to Miss Ruth Turner, of Manchester, for "Screwing up the (K)nut" and a consolation award to Miss K. Marsden, of Streatham Hill, for "Advancing the Spark." And now, you male contestants, what have you got to say to the result?



"Screwing up the (K)nut."

A MOTOR-OWNER'S DIARY.

W H A T ' S O N I N A P R I L ?

*Lighting-up time for London: April 1st, 8.0 p.m.; May 1st, 8.45 p.m.*



1. S.	Oxford v. Cambridge Boat Race. Racing: Newbury. F.A. Amateur Cup Final. International Cross Country Championship.	13. Th.	Nice Regatta.
3. M.	A.C.U. Western Centre Hill Climb Racing: Uttoxeter. Tennis: Covered Courts Championship, Queen's Club.	14. F.	Good Friday.
4. T.	Racing: Newmarket. Boxing: Amateur Championship, Finals.	15. S.	<b>M.C.C. London-Land's End.</b> F.A.: Scottish Cup Final. Welsh Cup Final.
5. W.	Racing: Newmarket.	16. Sun.	Motor Meet at Le Mans Prague Hill Climb.
6. Th.	Racing: Newmarket.	17. M.	Brooklands Open Meeting. Motor Meet at Le Mans. Prague Hill Climb.
7. F.	Racing: Derby. Household Brigade Steeplechase, Hawthorn Hill.	18. T.	Hackney Horse Soc. Show, Doncaster. Racing: Epsom.
8. S.	Army F.A. Cup Final. Assoc.: England v. Scotland, at Birmingham.	19. W.	Hackney Horse Soc. Show, Doncaster. Racing Epsom.
9. Sun.	Palm Sunday.	20. Th.	Hackney Horse Soc. Show, Doncaster. Racing: Sandown Park.
10. M.	Racing: Nottingham. Nice Regatta.	21. F.	Racing: Sandown Park.
11. T.	Racing: Nottingham. Royal Horticultural Show. Nice Regatta.	22. S.	Corsican Grand Prix Race. Prague Motor Exhibition.
12. W.	Racing: Leicester. Royal Horticultural Show. Nice Regatta.	24. M.	Racing: Alexandra Park.
13. Th.	Racing: Leicester. Royal Horticultural Show.	25. T.	Racing: Newmarket.
		26. W.	Racing: Newmarket. 2,000 Guineas Stakes.
		27. Th.	Racing: Newmarket.
		28. F.	Racing: Newmarket. 1,000 Guineas Stakes.
		29. S.	Football: Cup Final. J.C.C. Brooklands Meeting
		30. Sun.	Marselles Hill Climb. Targa Florio Race, Sicily.

T H E S T A T E O F T H E R O A D S .

THE following road information is compiled from reports received by the Automobile Association and Motor Union:—

The Bath road is poor in places between Colnbrook and Taplow, then good to Hungerford. The surface through Saverne Forest, though bad, is now under repair.

The condition of the Brighton road is generally fair. Repairs are in hand at Redhill, Earlswood, Horley, Crawley, Bolney and Patcham.

Road widening is in hand at Farningham, on the Folkestone road, the surface of which is otherwise good.

The Eastbourne road is in fairly good condition. Repairs are being carried out full width south of South Godstone

Station and in Uckfield, whilst drainage work is in progress east and west of Wilmington, on the Lewes-Eastbourne road.

Surface conditions are poor on the North road from 3 miles south to 2 miles north of Alconbury. Otherwise this road is good.

Half-width of the Hastings road is closed at Tubbs Hill, Sevenoaks. Repairs are in hand at Pembury. The surface otherwise is generally fair.

The Oxford road is poor to Stokenchurch, then fair. Road widening operations are in hand at West Wycombe, Bix, Dorchester and Benson. Caution is advised through Faringdon. The road thence is bad in places from Reading to Streatley, then good.

At Stanmore Hill, where re-metalling is

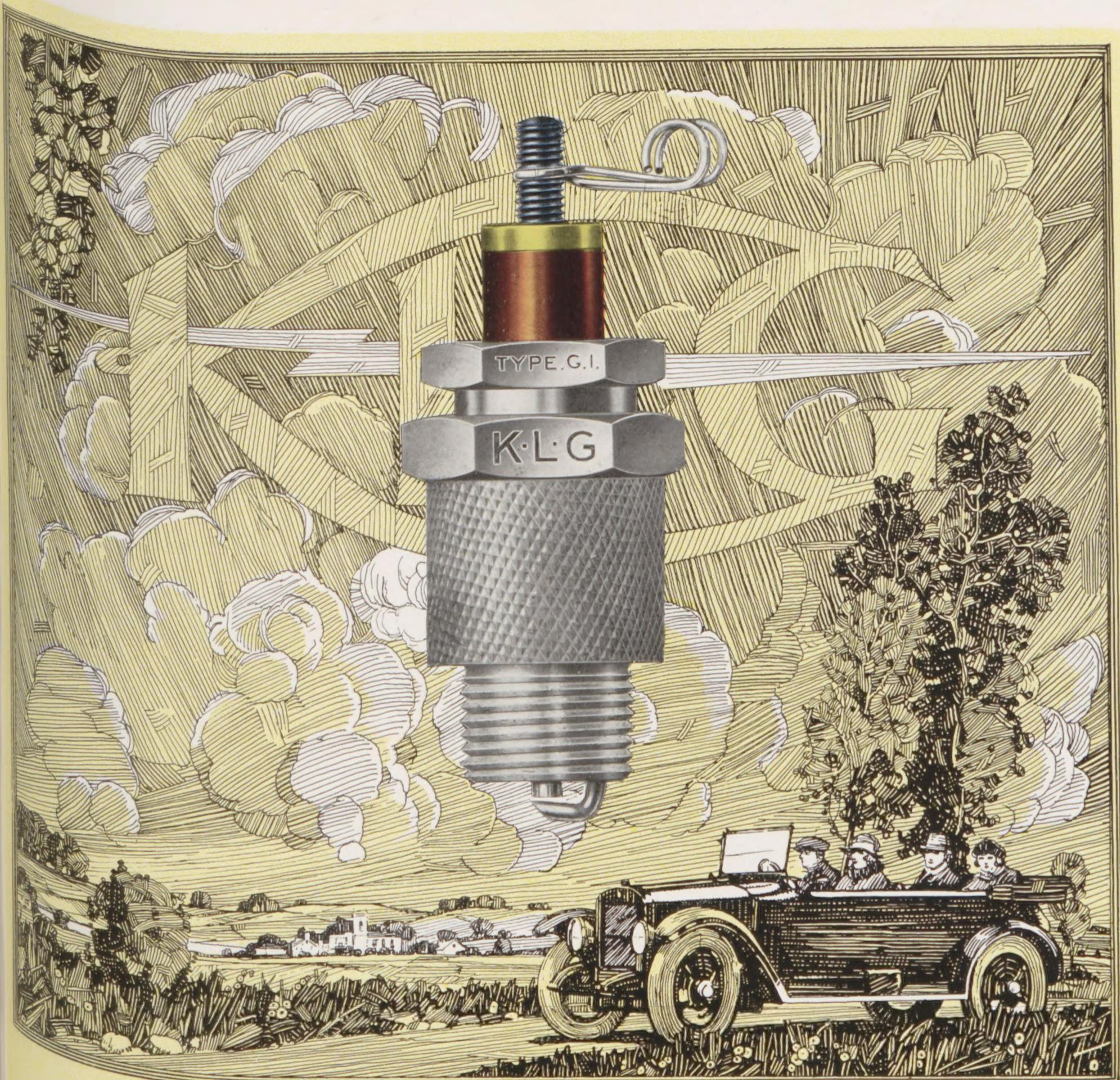
in progress, only half-width of the road is available. The Aylesbury road has a fair surface.

Caution is advised on the Portsmouth road between Guildford and Godalming. The surface of this road is generally good. Traffic from Guildford to Horsham should avoid Compasses Bridge, Alfold, by turning left after crossing over Shalford Bridge and proceeding via Wonersh and Cranleigh.

The Southampton road is very poor from Hartley Wintney to Basingstoke, but otherwise fair. Repairs are in hand at Hook, and a poor stretch will be found at Chandlersford.

Caution is advised through Leatherhead, on the Worthing road, the surface of which is fair.

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